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TALLENGETTA;

OR,

THE SQUATTER'S HOME.

A STORY OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WILLIAM HOWITT,
AUTHOR OF "RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND," "HOMES OF THE POETS," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

THE STORM BREAKS.

Charles Fitzpatrick rode down the hill towards his gloriously situated home, not as if he were returning joyfully from a successfully executed mission, but as if some heavy tidings retarded his reluctant course. The words of his extraordinary companion were still sounding in his ears. The strange past, the strangely predicted future, engrossed his whole mind. What a mystery there was about this man, and yet what a truth he felt was in him. How his very words, that he was watching over them, tallied with the words of the mysterious message. And what could be this danger which he intimated, and which he was here to control? It was all unreal as a dream, and yet to him more real than any other reality. So completely was he living in the heart of this mystery, that the beautiful lake, the wide woods and hazy peaks of mountains rising far-distant out of them, the smoking huts below, and the white walls of his own home, were unseen and unthought of by him, and it was only when coming near that the apprehension of his father's anger on the discovery of the proximity of this his old antagonist, fell over him. He put his mare into a canter, and came up to the door with the liveliest air that he could assume.

At the sound of his horse's hoofs there were eager faces at the window, and in another moment his father, mother, aunt and sister were all at the door with words of affectionate welcome.

"What luck?" exclaimed his father.

"All right," replied Charles, dismounting, and giving his bridle to the groom. Speedily he was seated in the midst of his family circle, who were full of inquiries regarding his journey, and to put off the evil hour, Charles related the occurrence of the storm, and the difficulty of crossing the river. He added that Mr. Farbrother signed the agreement at once, and he then handed it in an off-hand way to his father. Mr. Fitzpatrick took it, just opened it, saw the signature of Mr. Farbrother, rose, put the document in his desk, and sat down again to listen to his son's story. Dinner came in, and they sat down in great joy. There appeared every prospect of a delightful evening, all were so deeply interested in Charles's danger in the woods and floods. But the prospect was fallacious; it could not endure. They began to inquire after the Metcalfes, and how Bell was, and whether Brady had accompanied him across the Campaspe. Alas! at every fresh question Charles's countenance fell, cloud followed on cloud, and he was obliged to confess that he had not reached Moolap, but a strange station.

"A strange station! what could that be?"

"A station called Bongubine."

Bongubine!—a good name,—native, they supposed, and who lived there?

"A family of the name of Martin,—a very decent family."

"Martin! how odd! What sort of people were they? Cultivated people?"

Mr. Fitzpatrick started up, went to the desk, took out the agreement, unfolded it and stood for some time as if he were in a dream.

Then holding out the paper towards Charles, he said in a stern sort of voice,

"Who is the man who witnessed this? Is this the squatter of Bongubine?"

"The same," said Charles, unable to conceal a tremor which shook every limb.

"The same!" exclaimed his father. "What kind of a man was he? Mr. Peter Martin! Who is he?"

There was a sudden shock at the name which went through the ladies like that from a galvanic battery, and a short exclamation of terror. All turned pale, while Mr. Fitzpatrick, on the contrary, turned scarlet as with passion.

"Speak, Charles, at once," he said, "who is this man who bears so devilish a name, and bears it so near us?"

Charles felt that he was on the edge of a crater, but there was no escaping; he manned himself for the explosion, and said, as deprecatingly as possible,

"Dear father, I am sorry for your sake to say that it is the very man who has always borne that name."

There was a wild shriek simultaneously from the ladies. They all sprung up in horror, and Mr. Fitzpatrick stood convulsed with rage in a manner that was most frightful to witness. His hand clutched the paper in spasmodic fury. His face was swollen and distorted. His eyes rolled and blazed with frenzy; his mouth worked with the most hideous action, he ground his teeth, but uttered not a word.

His wife and sister rushed towards him in terror, every moment expecting that he would fall in a fit, crying,

"Oh! Sir Thomas! Sir Thomas! speak, for God's sake, speak!"

Charles stood pale as a ghost and trembling violently, and Georgina clung to her father and burst into a passion of tears.

But at once the demoniac spasm of dumb rage gave way. Sir Thomas, as we may just now with his family call him, pushed back the ladies fiercely, and addressing Charles in a terrible voice, exclaimed,

"The devil here! The devil of devils! and you have been with him! you, my son!—you!—have been with him! Been under his roof!—eaten his bread!—accepted his company! put yourself under obligations to him! Death and confusion! My own flesh and blood!—known son, thus to turn traitor to me! And this, can you show your face before me? Sir, villain! speak! how dare you—how—"

His voice failed him, his lips quivered, his whole frame trembled; his face was livid and almost black with anger. At once he dashed down the paper which he held in his hand; stamped on it with his foot, and rushed like a tempest from the room.

Charles picked up the important though unlucky paper, in an involuntary sort of quickness, and sat down with a feeling of inexpressible horror upon him. His mother, aunt, sister, all had sunk down upon their seats weeping and sobbing violently. There was a long continuance of this miserable scene, when Charles ventured to say,

"What have I done to deserve all this? I was driven by a terrible storm and night to this man's house. He would not let me go. He insisted on accompanying me. He risked his life to effect my object, and I will say it, whatever you may think of it, that both he and his family have behaved throughout anything but like enemies to us."

"Oh! dearest Charles," said all the ladies at once, his sister rushing to him and embracing him passionately, "what a misfortune! What is to become of us?" and again they gave way to excessive grief. Suddenly Mrs. Fitzpatrick hastened from the room after her husband; Aunt Judith followed, and Georgina coming and clasping Charles's arm, and weeping profusely said, "Oh! dearest Charles! how unfortunate that you fell in with these people! How unfortunate that they have followed us! All is now over! all our quiet happiness here! How inveterate must this man's enmity be to induce him to pursue us across the globe!"

"Geordy, I don't believe it!" said Charles. "I don't believe in his enmity. If you had seen what I have, you would not believe it. Do people risk their lives out of enmity?"

"But at all events," said Georgina, "what a pity papa should know: what a pity that he signed that paper."

"But, Geordy, the man, as you call him, being here, papa must soon know by one means or other, and if he had not signed the agreement, and it came out, as it would, that I had him there, that would have looked like a concealment, which my father would very justly have resented still more. No, no, Martin being here, my father *must* know, and though I was startled when I saw that he had signed the paper, I immediately felt it was all for the best; and if papa would only listen to reason, he would soon see that there is no danger, but good awaiting us."

"Good!" exclaimed Georgina, "good! oh, Charles! never! never! Oh, this sweet place, this quiet life, it is all over; we shall have to leave."

"Don't believe it, Gremby," said Charles, throwing his arm round her, "don't believe it. I know my father, he will defy the devil, as he calls him, but he is too proud to budge a step."

"Then what a miserable life for us here, Demby. What a miserable life! All that old misery, those terrible outbreaks of fury, that fear of apoplexy, or the rupture of some fatal vessel; that prostration in which poor, dear father has to lie after these frightful paroxysms;—oh, sad, sad,—what shall we do?"

"But listen, Gremby," said Charles, and he began to tell her all that had passed. How amiable the Martins appeared; what the boys had said; what Mr. Martin had said on the road of his endeavors for their good. Georgina for some time listened with incredulous ears; shook her head, and shed fresh tears.

When, however, Charles had told her all, she said,

"Well, at least, it is very strange, very unaccountable. I don't know what to think; I wish I could believe it all true."

The unhappy brother and sister sat with their arms about each other in the utmost sorrow. Meantime in his own room, Mr. Fitzpatrick had exhibited all that violence of rage which had made his family so miserable during the years that his trials with Sir Patrick had been going on. Oh! those miserable times! how they came back like a black night over the house. It was like the crack of doom burst afresh on this fated family, which after years of the most awful unhappiness had seemed to escape far away from all the old wretchedness into a new life of peace, beauty and hope.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick and Aunt Judith could only sit and listen to the outburst of the dreadful storm of passion; any attempt on their part to soothe Mr. Fitzpatrick only the more irritated him; and they sat and trembled and wept while he cursed his fate, and denounced vengeance and death on the villain who dared thus to dog him to the world's end. For hours he marched to and fro across the room, sometimes wrapped in gloomy thought, sometimes striking his forehead and clenching his hands, and with fearful groans again bursting forth in imprecations on his own fortune, and on the detested pursuer of his steps. Towards midnight he staggered in his walk, caught at the bedpost, sat down in a sullen, lowering mood, and gradually fell into that state of prostration which always followed these paroxysms, and which, perhaps fortunately for him, would sometimes continue for days. His family had always expected that in one of these outbreaks he would die by apoplexy or rupture of an artery, and the two ladies saw with a certain degree of satisfaction his subsidence into this state of exhaustion. Aunt Judith then stole quietly out, and Mrs. Fitzpatrick sat down and watched by his side.

When Aunt Judith joined the two young people she found them still sitting with their arms round each other, silent and miserable. They rose and asked her how their father was.

"He is quiet now," said Aunt Judith, "but what an ending of our beautiful new life!"

Charles endeavored to impress Aunt Judith with the ideas which he had been communicating to his sister, but to all that he urged she only replied by shaking her head and saying,

"It won't do! It won't do! The thing is bad, bad, bad, past redemption. We are now ruined forever!"

When Charles spoke of the amiable appearance of the Martin family, of the straightforward character of the man, Aunt Judith replied,

"Yes, there is the mischief of it. If the family had the character of a bad family, if the man had bad habits, the world would see and understand it. But there is the mischief—the family conducts itself admirably; the man is in all but his inextinguishable enmity to my brother, a correct, an honorable, a domestic man, a man most respectable. That is his art—that is his tower of strength. It is out of this tower of invulnerable character that he can fling his poisoned darts with tenfold effect. If he were confessedly bad, he were at once powerless."

When Charles related what he had accidentally heard from the boys—

"Ha! cunning!" said Aunt Judith, "that was meant for you."

When he reminded her of Peter Martin's bold fording of the river to serve him, and his risking his very life—

"But," said Aunt Judith, "he told you it was an accident; he did not mean to risk anything. Oh!" continued she, clasping her hands, and looking upwards, "if he had but drowned himself, what a blessing!"

Such was the feeling with which a most deplorable family feud could inspire the kind heart of Aunt Judith. But when Charles told her that Mr. Martin had hinted at dangers that threatened them here, and that he was on the watch to defeat these dangers, Aunt Judith exclaimed,

"Oh! the consummate hypocrite! He defend us from dangers! What dangers can there be except from himself? Charles! Charles! are you so blind? so easily imposed upon? Oh! you do not know the craft, the subtlety of this man! He threw out that hint to unsettle us. He has heard that we are happy here, and he has resolved to chase us away, or make us wretched on the spot. Oh, the Judas! Oh, the fiend!"

Charles reflected for a moment—could these things be? Were they a part of this man's art? but he speedily cast the suspicion from him. He *felt* that it was not so. He was as sure as of his life that what he had seen and heard was genuine.

"Dearest aunt," he said, "if you and my father would listen to reason, I am sure you would soon think differently."

"Reason," said Aunt Judith, vehemently, "reason! There's no reason about Mr. Peter Martin; there cannot be. Never! never! will your father condescend to speak concerning him. Don't attempt it, or you may cost him his life."

"Very well, dear aunt, very well," said Charles, "be it so, we will leave it to time."

They all withdrew to bed miserable and silent.

When Charles entered the breakfast-room the next morning, he found Doctor Woolstan seated at table with Aunt Judith and Georgina. He had been sent for in the night. There was a gloomy expression on the faces of the ladies. They looked very pale and ill. The doctor rose kindly, pressed Charles's hand, and in reply to his inquiry, said his father was now quiet, and gathering some good sleep. When, after breakfast the doctor rose to depart, Charles accompanied him up the hill. He asked him what he knew and thought of the Martins? He replied that he thought them very excellent people, and Mr. Martin as real and kind-hearted as he certainly was a profoundly informed and clever man.

Charles said he wished that he could make his family believe that.

"Yes," said the doctor, "that were a work indeed! That were to remove mountains. I know all that has taken place; but time, my dear friend, time, that will do it. Keep quiet; let the storm blow over; things are working, and will work without you. Be passive, and above all things do not contest these matters with your father—as you wish to keep him."

Charles saw that the doctor knew all; he felt the full wisdom of his words; he pressed his hand cordially, thanked him, and went home consoled. But not the more was that home restored to peace. Comfort, happiness, had fled. For a week the paroxysms of his father returned with returning strength. He was continually haunted with the idea of being pursued and beset by his unwearied, unappeasable foe, that his life was doomed to be embittered by him to its close, and that no spot on earth, however remote, was secure from his pursuit. Sometimes he worked himself up to a persuasion that it would be justifiable to rid himself of him as he would of a wolf or a serpent. At others he shuddered at the idea of staining his hands with human and kindred blood. His mind turned and preyed upon itself for want of a proper outlet for its anguish. Now he would flee once more; now he would not move a step for the world; and when he looked out of his window and saw the magnificent scenes around, he groaned in bitter pain at the thought that all this was spoiled forever—that Satan was in his paradise.

It was a full week before he sent for Charles into his room. Charles was shocked to see how much he was changed. His face was sunken from its rosy plumpness to a withered yellow; his form was reduced in substance; his hair appeared grayer, and hung wild and lank. There was the languor of sickness on his whole appearance, and his eyes, generally so clear and bright, were dull, and the once pearly white, yellow and streaked with a fine network of sanguine veins.

As his son approached, he clasped him in his arms and sobbed heavily. He remembered the bitter words he had spoken in his anger, and especially the word "villain," and his noble heart was wrung with remorse. After a time, and still with his arm round Charles's neck, he said,

"You meant no harm, Demby—but avoid that man. Promise me—you don't know him, and I trust never will. Why should we allow him to break our domestic harmony? No, you will have nothing to do with him."

"I will do whatever you please, papa," said Charles, kissing his father's hands, and the tears starting to his eyes.

"That's right, my boy—I believe you, so no more about it." The father and son walked out together into the sitting-room.

But the brightness of the home could not come back thus. "The glory and the joy" were gone from Tallengetta. The enemy was in the vicinity; the storm which had burst upon its roof had left deep and lasting tears. Deep were the traces in every heart and on every brow in that lately so happy home, but deepest far on those of its master. The terrible shock which had gone through his whole system left its wounds and its weakness in the entire frame. He still looked ill, and had lost his elasticity. His rides were never far from home, and always in the company of his son and often of his daughter, or in their absence of David Rannock. Mirth and spirit were no longer found in the mood even of the young people. He himself rode sad and silent. Thus time went on; no event took place; the hated personage never appeared upon the scene. Nothing was heard of the Martins of Bongubine more than if they had been altogether the creatures of a dismal dream. The other neighbors came sociably and partook of the hospitalities of Tallengetta, and shared in its sports. Captain and Mrs. Ponceford were, from their nearness, constantly riding up; and from their pleasant and cheerful natures, became regarded with warm affection, and their presence brought a new life with it. The Woolstans, the Metcalfes, the Quarriers were all most friendly and welcome neighbors. Charles and Captain Ponceford found abundance of sporting together. Sometimes they were stalking wild turkies on the plains; sometimes hunting up the wild ducks and swans on the Menalka and the lake; and sometimes chasing the kangaroo in the hill forests with their noble brace of hounds. The natives came to fish and hunt there, and afforded the Fitzpatricks a new object of study. They watched their modes of securing their game, visited them at their camps, and saw with wonder their wretched mode of life, and received plenty of visits from them in return to beg tea, bread, mutton, and above all, if they could get it, brandy. But this last they steadily refused, giving them instead of it, blankets for the winter, and now and then a sheep, or a piece of beef in exchange for fish which they caught plentifully.

Charles and Georgina paid a visit to the Quarriers, at their station on the Goulburn, and greatly enjoyed the change of scenery. The Quarriers' station was situated on a swelling ground just above the river. On three sides rose the forest, dignified with noble trees so thinly distributed as to allow of a rich turf beneath them, and giving a park-like appearance. On the other, rolled the noble river, deep between its banks, and the opposite side also crowned with fine woods. When we say the river lay deep between its banks, we convey no just idea to an English reader. The river might be sixty yards or more wide, and its waters looked very deep. The banks were almost perpendicular, cut through a sandstone stratum, and dark with the coating of moist mud from the winter floods. Just below the Quarriers' house the river made a fine sweep, and there its deep abundant waters flowed on in stately grandeur, making a tempting surface for a boat. But no one could descend those steep, slippery banks of twenty or thirty feet descent, overhung with gigantic trees. It required the aid of art, which had been afforded; steps were cut down to the water's edge, and a boat was there always chained in readiness for crossing or fishing. The fishing here was a great delight to Charles from the size of the fish, the cod of the river often running to sixty or seventy pounds weight. Sometimes they ascended the river among the most beautiful and solitary hills, and at others descended into the silence of the low lands, where on either hand extended immense swamps, dark with wattles, or solemn with the endless huge bluish columns of the vast red-gum trees growing in the lively green of nature's own verdant water-meadows.

Time had thus passed till July, when Mr. Fitzpatrick as if to recompense Charles for his momentary severity towards him, told him that as they had now sufficient shepherds and stockmen, and as there were said to be fresh discoveries at Bendigo, he would give him leave to take Barks and Purdy and make an expedition to the diggings.

This was joyful news for all parties. There was an immediate bustle to get ready. The tent which they brought up with them, was hauled out; an awning fitted to a light cart; and mattresses and blankets, an oil cloth to lay on the ground at night to receive their beds, and the necessary cooking apparatus, and tea and hams and other provisions quickly stowed in. Club was selected to accompany them as companion, and a savage brindled bull-dog called Fright, to chain under the cart as guard. Charles appeared in a pair of fustian trowsers, plunged into a pair of water-proof jack boots, a stout cabbage-tree hat, and light, blue veil, and a scarlet blouse bound by a belt in which appeared his revolver, and a large knife or dagger in a leathern case. Purdy and Barks bore each at their belts, a pauikin and a brace of pistols—and they had, moreover, a plentiful supply of rifles, guns and ammunition. Tools they were to buy on the ground.

Never was there more delight and enthusiasm manifested on starting on any adventure. Charles was all life and activity. He was in a constant worry lest he had left any of his many indispensable articles. His bullet-moulds, his instruments for cleaning his guns, and cleaning nipples. His caps and cases. Then Club's chain had nearly been left, and his own tobacco-case. At length all was ready, and the cart and brown cob were put into motion from the door, all the family being out watching and ready to wave handkerchiefs and hats, and send up an hurrah. Never since the direful advent of Peter Martin had so many smiles and jokes appeared on the faces and in the mouths of the Tallengetta family, one prophesying heaps of nuggets, and insisting on having the largest, and another augering a speedy return, and "glad to be back."

So away went the cart and the embryo diggers, a dozen voices crying "Good-bye! good-bye!" a loud hurrah, mingled with the shrill voices of children, coming up from the huts below; Club barking in delight, and Fright trudging on under the cart in solemn wonder. In a very short time the little party had ascended the hill; giving a parting cheer before going over the ridge, which was returned vigorously from the huts, and then disappeared.

CHAPTER X.

DIGGING ADVENTURES.

Our digging adventurers went on their way with all the jollity of school-boys. They had but two easy days' journey before them to Bendigo, and the feeling of free life in the woods has something in it which puts the most sluggish blood in motion, and awakes the imagination to exercise all its enchantments. Barks stalked along with great strides, his long, brown hair playing freely on his shoulders, and the spirit of rhodomontade so strong in him as to excite him to continual sallies of fun. He swung his axe in his hand, and inflicted sundry gashes on the boles of trees which grew on the road-side, in mere wantonness of spirits, leading Club continually to expect that there was an opossum to be cut out. Purdy went along more quietly, but with many a sly joke and sly humor twinkling in his eyes.

About four o'clock in the afternoon they encamped by the Campaspe. The evening was beautiful and sunny, and Charles had been attracted to the river by the active movements of a number of platypuses. He had managed to shoot two with his pea-rifle, and Club to bring them out, and they were sitting at their tea, admiring the pleasant hollow in which their tent was pitched near Robertson's station, with the green meadows and sloping woods on the other side of the stream, when a man appeared approaching their tent. He was a little fellow, dressed in a coarse, blue, woollen shirt, stuffed into a pair of ribbed cotton velvet trowsers, which again were stuffed into a pair of dirty boots. This was the whole of his dress, except a very shabby straw hat. But the most remarkable feature of the fellow was an intensely black and bushy beard, which seemed to usurp the whole of his face, and to leave only sufficient space for a pair of small, keen, black eyes to peer through. Club snarled and growled outrageously at the man, and Fright grinned his sullen displeasure from beneath the cart.

"Good-evening, mates," said the man, and before the salutation was well returned, he coolly threw away a bucket of water which Purdy had just fetched from the river for tea, turned the bucket bottom upwards, and seated himself upon it in wonderfully close contact to the fire.

"Well, that's cool, mate, anyhow," said Purdy, who was lying at his full length on the ground near the fire.

"What, the water do you mean?" said the man, proceeding as he sat, to pick up and fling upon the flame sundry little bits of sticks which had been burnt off from the mass.

"The water;" said Purdy, eyeing the fellow curiously, "no, something cooler than that. Do you know, mate, I'd just had the trouble of fetching that water from the river?"

"Trouble! do you call that trouble? You don't know what trouble is, I see. A new life, this, for young gents," looking at Charles and Barks.

"Not very new after California," said Barks, in his strong, jolly sort of voice.

"Pshaw! California?" said the man, picking his teeth with a twig; "you never were there!"

"How do you know that?" asked Barks.

"By the cut of your jib," said the black-looking fellow, drily.

"By the cut of our bibs," said Purdy; "you think we are new-rigged, eh? Oh, many an old vessel is that."

"Well, old man, you're right enough there," continued the fellow; "and so you are for the new rush at the Back Creek, I reckon? A good tent, that," he continued, looking hard at it, "and a pretty sort of cob there," letting his eye ramble round till it fell on the horse grazing in hobbles near. "Take care of him at Bendigo; there are clever fellows in want of such there."

"Your sharp fellows will find sharp practice with us, if they attempt to make too free," said Purdy; "lead's heavy, but it flies fast out of a good minie."

"Um, well stocked with fire-arms, eh?" said the fellow, peering carelessly into the tent, "but the bird is often flown before the gunner is ready. You've not done much, young master, in California," said he, pointing to Charles's hands. "Plenty of room for a good crop of blisters on that tender skin, before you get down to the gold."

"There are no thieves about here, are there, do you think?" said Purdy, rather jeeringly.

The fellow pointed to the station just below.

"Too near that, master; besides, the Government strings the knights of the highway up too unceremoniously now-a-days."

"It's no catch me, no have me, though," said Purdy; "there are a few of your honest thieves alive yet, I fancy."

"May be," said the man, lighting his short pipe with an ember from the fire, rising, turning his back on the blaze for a moment, and then saying, "Good-night, men," he walked off.

As the eyes of the travellers followed him, they caught sight of a fire at a little distance up the valley, towards which the swarthy fellow directed his steps.

"By the mass! an arrant thief, that," said Purdy, jumping up. "I could swear it was the Black Douglas, by all I've heard of him; and little as he looks, he is the devil for cunning and daring. Neither lock nor wall can hold him.—These half-dozen times the Government has had him in quod, and condemned him to the gallows, but he is always away when wanted, and before his keepers are well awake, does some fresh horror that makes the hair of the whole colony stand on end. By dog's meat! we must keep a sharp look-out to-night!"

"What," said Charles, "a mean-looking fellow like that, the Black Douglas?"

"Just so," said Purdy; "we'll have the horse tethered near the tent to-night, however, and then I think we may trust to Fright and Club for warning. Better still, let us keep watch by turns."

Purdy's advice was deemed good, and so soon as the black-bearded stranger had disappeared, he and Barks took a stroll through the bush to get a sight of the party camping so near them, while Charles stayed to skin his platypuses.—When they returned, they reported that there were half-a-dozen as sturdy, scoundrel-looking rogues drinking brandy round a great fire as they ever set eyes upon. They had no tent, or cart, but every man a good horse hobbled out near them. There could be no question to what profession the fellows belonged, and our party felt considerable anxiety. They resolved to sit up all together for the night, and made up such a blaze as at once drove off the night cold, and enabled them to see their horse clearly. As the evening advanced, they caught sounds of riot, singing, and, as it seemed, quarrelling, from their neighbors; but by midnight all was still, and Purdy, who stole round and took a survey of them as near as he dared to go, for fear of alarming their dogs, reported that they were all sleeping round the fire. This quieted their apprehensions, and Charles and Barks flung themselves down in their blankets, to be called in their turns to watch. When Barks was called he said:

"Where's the horse?"

"There," said Purdy, "lying down," and he pointed towards it.

"All right," replied Barks, and wrapping himself in his blanket, seated himself on a log and began to hum a tune.

He called Purdy again, instead of Charles, wishing to spare him. At daybreak, or near it, Charles woke up, and going out, said to Purdy on the watch:

"All right!"

"All right!" said Purdy; "we have escaped the rogues for once!"

"Then I shall give the cob some oats," said Charles.

He took some in a tin dish and went to the horse, but in a moment he shouted:

"Purdy! Barks! here! here this instant!"

The two men ran in alarm, and saw Charles standing in astonishment, gazing, not at the cob, but at a miserable creature of a horse, blind, lame, covered with sores, and in the last stage of its misery. The clever rogues had contrived, unheard, unseen, to substitute this ghost of a horse for their prime one.

The astonishment and consternation may be supposed.

"I knew it was that infernal Douglas!" said Purdy.

"But what could we be about?" said Barks. "What could those rascally dogs be about?"

"Nay," said Purdy, "don't throw the blame on the dogs; the poor beasts trusted to us. If we had left the watching to them, they would have done it," and with that, followed by Charles and Barks, he ran off at full speed towards the camping place of the thieves. The fire was still burning—the fellows were gone.

The three adventurers were beside themselves with indignation. They returned, and traced the horse by its well-known shoe-marks to the high-road, and thence to the thieves' fire, whence the cob was clearly gone off with the rest of the horses towards Bendigo. What was to be done?

"I know," said Charles; "I will ask Robertson to lend us a couple of horses to pursue them."

Said and done. Robertson knew the name of Mr. Fitzpatrick; he had two horses caught at once. They mounted and away. Still along the road they could follow the track of horsemen by the traces of their steeds. They appeared to make no attempt at concealment. Soon our pursuers overtook some drays loaded with hay.—They inquired of the drivers if they had seen the thieves.

"To be sure, mates," said they, "large as life, and a regular rakehelly set they are. Gallows-birds, all! You may soon catch them; they are in no hurry, but take care! or they may treat you to a few ounces of lead in no time. The Black Douglas is among them, or we have no eyes!"

Away went Charles and Barks. They rode at full speed, but kept a sharp look-out ahead. For several miles they dashed on, now through fine, grassy lands, now through barren, hard, stony woods. At length they saw the troop, very leisurely trotting along the way. At the sight our friends cautiously cut into the bush, and rode through the woods at some little distance from the track, that the thieves might not look back and see them. Thus they went on till noon, when the thieves turned aside, and took a course through the wood to the left for three or four miles. Here they dismounted and made their fire and hobbled out their horses. Charles and Barks dismounted, too, and hobbled out theirs, but made no fire. All the afternoon, they kept upon the watch. Barks, who knew the country, having come out here to the diggings with hay, said they were on the Sheepwash Creek, not more than three miles from Bendigo, and within a mile of a distant friend. What a triumph if they could drive off the rascals' horses and empound them! Charles shook his head at the idea—a most dangerous attempt! but Barks gloried in it, and vowed he would essay it. All day therefore, they lay close. The robbers, secure in their own estimation, sent off to the nearest point of the Back Creek for brandy, and set to for a regular carouse. By the time evening arrived, they were all dead drunk on the ground. Barks, who had his eye upon them as a cat watching mice, then rose, sprang upon his horse, followed by Charles, and moving stealthily through the wood, was soon where the horses fed. In a few seconds he had their hobbles all off, including those of their own cob, and gently drove them before them. Not a dog barked, not a man awoke. Barks laughed quietly to himself, and looked full of merriment at Charles, but without making any noise, and still driving the horses on. Soon he put them into a quick trot, and then a gallop, and away they went till they reached the hut of the pound-keeper.

"Hillo, there!" shouted Barks.

Out came the pound-keeper.

"A few stray horses for you, mate," said Barks; "all but that cob, which is ours."

The man stood and gazed.

"By the blazes!" he exclaimed, "every one of these is a stolen horse! Where did you find them?"

They told him.

"The rounds! why, that is the Black Douglas! We must have him! Thank you, my good fellows!"

He drove the horses into the pound. There was a reward of £10 for the recovery of each of them advertised; that he kept to himself. There was a reward of £100 for the apprehension of the Black Douglas; of that he was prudently silent. Away he rode for the police, and back centered our friends highly satisfied with their success. Whether the pound-keeper secured the Black Douglas may be reasonably doubted, for as Charles a week or two afterwards appeared at

a store in the diggings upon the cob, this very fellow was there, and gave an odd look at the horse, but said nothing, and walked away.

Our party reached the diggings in safety; planted their tent down on the Back Creek, in a pleasant green valley near a village of Chinese, and fell to work among the bustling, miscellaneous throng, who were delving away amid dirt, and mud, and noise in a scene of the rudest disorder. Charles soon had all the blisters that the Black Douglas promised him, and in the very first hole they sank, they had a fine haul of gold. The second was a failure, and the third. The rush on the Back Creek was dying away, and they gave themselves a day to stroll through the diggings, and look out for some richer spot. They closed their tent, and left it to the care of Providence and the bull-dog, as hundreds of others did. Their cob they had sent to a station, and now they rambled through many miles of diggings, all scattered with tents, with felled trees, butcher's shops, and sheep's heads, cast-off clothes, sardine tins and goats. Toward evening they found themselves at what are called the White Hills, near the Bendigo Creek, the waters of which were thick as paste and yellow as gold itself, with the washing out of thousands of tons of gold containing clay and gravel. Here they turned into a large tent, dignified with the name of "Crystal Palace," though it was simply of dirty canvas. Within were a number of rude tables, at which sat scores of diggers in their gravel-stained shirts and trowsers, drinking and smoking. Some were singing, some loud in talk, a dozen at a time, and towards the farther end sat a slender, tawdry-looking young woman thumming away on a most dissonant piano; but singing to it a ballad, which strongly excited Charles's attention, called

MARY MASSY;

THE SQUATTER'S SONG.

Stream forth ye white flocks in the morning,
Ye are ten thousand and more,
And ye range from the banks of the Murray,
To the hills of Durradaghmore.

When I was a boy in Old England,
A boy very young and small,
I lived on the farm of Squire Massy,
Below Squire Massy's hall.

And oh! what a man did I think him!
A man with that ample estate;
With his hounds and the old yellow carriage,—
No mortal was ever so great.

I thought so, but now old Squire Massy
Is dead, and to utter decay
Has fallen his fortune, and Mary
His daughter is gone quite away.

She is gone to the rising Australia,
To the land of white flocks and of gold,
For the boy from the farm of Squire Massy,
Remembered her goodness of old.

And the boy from the farm of Squire Massy
Is the Squatter of Durradaghmore;
With his plains, his woods and his mountains,
And flocks of ten thousand and more.

And the lady of Durradaghmore,
Mary Massy the last of the line,
Has her hall and her new yellow carriage
In a land and a climate divine.

Where the flocks o'er the plains in the morning
Stream onward ten thousand and more,
And range from the banks of the Murray,
To the hills of Durradaghmore.

And often she thinks of Squire Massy,
Of the stately old hall of her race,
She sighs, but she smiles as she glances,
Around on this summer-bright place,

Where the flocks o'er the plains in the morning
Stream onward, ten thousand and more,
And range from the banks of the Murray,
To the hills of Durradaghmore.

Our friends called for each a nobbler, a good hot mess of steaks and potatoes, and refreshed by their dinners, drew forth their pipes, and patriotically blended their smoke with that of their fellow diggers. While so doing they were regaled with a variety of digger's songs, among which the following appeared particularly popular:

THE DIGGERS SONG OF THE BUSHRANGERS.

They'll hang him if they catch him,
Like a dog in a string,
And I see the Blue-boys watch him,
They mean him to swing.

For it's hard on the Digger,
Who goes pick-a-pick
Through the hard quartz and gravel,
To be played such a trick.

While the sun melts his marrow,
As he grubs for the gold,
To find when he has got it,
That he's regularly sold.

With his pile in his pocket,
Setting off on his tramp,
To his ship down at Melbourne,
Bailed up by this scamp.

They'll hang him if they catch him,
Like a dog in a string,
And I see the Blue-boys watch him,
They mean him to swing.

And serve him right, the villain!
There a-lurking with his gun,
With his knife and his revolver,
And thinking it good fun.

Robin Hood, he was good,
'Neath the old Forest's oak,
But we want here no Robins,
A robbing honest folk.

Why, it's not very pleasant
In the dark whip-stick bush,
To be shot down like a pheasant,
Or pulled up like a rush.

Oh, they'll hang him if they catch him,
Like a dog in a string,
And I see the Blue-boys watch him,
They mean him to swing.

And let him swing, the villain!
Where the diggers all march by,
Like Black Douglass, and smooth Melville,
Let him hang high and dry.

Yes, they'll hang him if they catch him,
Like a dog in a string,
And I see the Blue-boys watch him,
They mean him to swing.

Presently two men came in, looked round, and seated themselves at the adjoining table. The one was a big, tall, burly fellow, with a curly, black head of hair, a full, pudding-featured face, but red with good eating or drinking. He wore a black, ordinary hat, looking very odd with its tall and square crown amid that generation of wide-awakes, and shallow-crowned cabbage-trees. He had on besides a pair of close black breeches, jack boots and a check shirt. His companion was a meek-looking fellow, not particular in costume, but with a smiling, sociable, scrape-acquaintance sort of face. The two called for their nobblers, lit their short pipes with lucifer matches, that with their brimstone almost took the breath of our friends, and then the big man in the black hat and breeches, fell into discourse with them. He made the freest possible inquiries as to the time of their arrival; their luck; the best quarters of the field now for gold; but was equally communicative of his own experience, and of his cautions against the sharpers, who, he said, seemed to have a particular fancy to Bendigo. Amazing it was how they did abound; and at every fresh piece of information he appealed to his companion, who certified all his intelligence with a very placid smile, and an, "Oh, yes, Ben, you know, you know."

When our friends said they had not yet been so successful as they expected, he observed that he could not complain, in fact, he had been singularly lucky. He had now, he said, a heap of washing stuff containing several cart loads lying by the creek ready for washing out. There were three hundred pounds worth of gold in it if there was a penny.

"Isn't it so, mate?" said he to the meek, smiling man.

"To be sure, mate; why ask me I you know, mate, you know."

"Now," said the big man, "I should think it might answer your purpose to work out that pile. I'll make you a good bargain. I'm not fond of working in the water,—unless there's brandy in it," said he, smiling and lifting his glass with a nod to our party. "I'll sell it for a hundred pounds,—at least I would not mind doing it, though you know, Joe, I've never offered it to any one yet."

"Of course not," said the meek man, "or you'd have been pulled all to pieces for it; of course you know that, Ben; you know it well enough."

"Three hundred pounds' worth and sell it for one," said Purdy, "that's all in my eye."

"You can try it, mate, you can try it," said the big man. "Only let me say the word, and it will be gone to a hundred customers,—but, no compulsion, you can try it, if you like."

"Let us try it, then," said our party, and out they went all together. The big man in the black hat and black breeches, and his meek companion smiling kindly on all, led the way down to the creek. There stood a very small tent, among a number of others, and close to it, and to the creek, lay the heap of washing stuff enclosed by a sort of rude fence of boughs.

"What," said Charles, "do you leave stuff of that value here unprotected?"

"It is protected, mate," said the big man, "we can see it from the Crystal Palace,—no fear."

"No, no fear; trust you for that, Ben," said the smiling, placid man.

"You could wash it out here," said the big man, pointing to a little dam, and sluice it in the creek—that Tom's mine,—you could use it. So, now, try it, try it anywhere; there are a spade and a dish."

Charles, who was become expert at the trick, took it, and Barks struck the shovel into the heap, and filled the dish. Charles washed out,—there was gold, and plenty, too.

"Did not I say?" said the big man, "but try it again,—try it anywhere."

"To be sure," said the meek man—"try it, try it, no treachery in Ben;—all serene."

They tried the heap here and there; it was all alike; very clear that at that rate, there must be at least three hundred pounds' worth in the heap. The bargain was struck; the money paid, and they hurried away to fetch their tent to the spot. They hired a horse for a pound to bring their cart and effects the five miles, and by break of day they were on the spot. Their was no room for their tent amid the chaotic heaps of clay and gravel all around, though the very little tent was struck and gone. They crossed the creek, set up their tent in a green flat, and came with shovels and dishes to commence washing out. They turned the water of the dam into the long Tom, or washing trough, and began washing in good earnest.

"Hilo there, mates, how's that?" said a tall, strong young fellow, coming up.

"How is that?" asked Charles, pausing, as he was shovelling in the washing stuff.

"Why, that's my dam and Tom, that's all," said the young man.

"Yours! the men that we bought this heap of said they were theirs."

The young man gave a very significant smile.

"You've bought this heap?"

"Yes."

"Given much for it?"

"A good sum. It is very rich stuff."

"Is it?" said the young man. "You've tried it?"

"Yes, we've tried it."

"Try it again: dig deep. There, give me the shovel."

He struck the shovel deep into the stuff, threw out what was on it, and then plunged it still deeper.

"There, try that."

Charles washed and looked, washed and looked more anxiously: there was not a single glimpse of gold. A strange conviction began to flash over him,—that they were duped. By this time a regular crowd of diggers had gathered round inquiring "what was up?"

"Only Blessed Ben and Holy Joe again," said the young man. "They have dipped into these new ones here. Sold them this plated heap for solid washing stuff, that's all."

"The devil they have!" resounded from all sides.

There was a wonderful noise and talk and laughter. Scores of great, rude digger fellows came and stared and grinned enormously at the confounded trio.

"Lord!" said they, "how greenhorns do abound! That Blessed Ben and Holy Joe should play that old game over so often and yet find fresh innocents."

"Blessed Ben and Holy Joe!" exclaimed a man, who looked like a storekeeper, "where are they?"

"Ay, you may ask that, mate!" said another; "of course they'll make themselves scarce for a bit."

"Scarce or not," said the man, "I'll have them. They've stole a horse of mine worth eighty guineas, and here's a warrant to seize them. Come along, mates," said he, earnestly, to Charles and his companions, "let us hunt them, till we have them. I'll spend a thousand pounds to hang them, the canting scoundrels!"

Charles and Barks went off with him, leaving Purdy to guard what gold was in the heap. They applied at the police magistrate's for a warrant, got it, and commenced the search. For a whole week they traversed the diggings, gully after gully, one long mile of tents, one long wooded valley after another, grog-shops, gambling shops, billiard-tents, shampooing and other sham resorts, but in vain; they could catch no glimpse, hear no whisper of the blessed and holy brethren. This time they began to fancy they had transferred their practice to some other field. It was on Sunday morning, as our party were in their beds taking a needful rest after the week's fatigues, that the indefatigable storekeeper roused them, saying he had got a new idea.

"The fellows pretend to be pious; let us to-day have a peep into the chapels."

The disturbed party did not think the idea a very bright one; it was not likely, they thought, that they would show themselves in such public places.

"But it is not the public ones that I reckon," said the man, "but the outsiders, what we may call the hole and corner saints, that cultivate queer faiths in queer places. There are plenty of them, and they seem of the sort of these fellows."

"I'm your man," said Purdy, jumping up and dressing quickly.

He had soon breakfasted, and they set out. They left the Episcopal Church, and the Scotch Church, and the Free Kirk, and what they called the tip-top Dissenters' chapels, and bore away into obscure quarters, where religions too numerous to mention flourished in greater or less degrees of eccentricity. But alas! the result was the same; amid all the strange and uncouth assemblies of the gullies and the flats, no Blessed Ben or Holy Joe became visible. It was as they were on their return, wearied and dispirited, in the evening, that they caught the sound of a man's voice, as if preaching, in a large, dingy-looking tent. They looked in. It was the chapel of the Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints.

The scene which presented itself was worth studying. The place was lit by candles, tied on the tops of long sticks stuck into the ground. The company was seated on rude planks raised on logs. A more hairy and bearded set of fellows than was there assembled you would look for in vain. They were all in their work-day dress, mere trowsers and shirts, or woolen blouses, for the most part soiled with stains that would not wash out. There were evidently no lack of Californians, or those long, lean, gaunt fellows who have ranged the wilds of America, always too much go ahead to gather flesh. There were abundance of women, for the most part very neatly clad, and modest and serious-looking. On the faces of the men there was an air of sanguine fanaticism, a glare of the eager, impatient, sensual eye, that gave unmistakable evidence that the only principle in them was self, the only faith was the belief in the greatest possible license.—Mingled with these pilgrims of the Sandy Desert and the patriarchs of the Salt Lake, were heavy, dense English laborers, porters and navvies, who had never seen the inside of a school, and few of them of a church or chapel, gross, ignorant, and brutish. These listened with swinish eyes and watering mouths to the new Gospel of the place, the Gospel of goats and satyrs.

A cart-body, turned bottom upwards at the farther end of the tent, served for pulpit or rostrum, and on this was mounted a small, erect, formal man, with a portentous brown beard reaching to his breast, and spreading wide about his ears; and a head of brown hair which hung in wonderful luxuriance of curl. He was a thin, black-faced sort of fellow, with black, twinkling eyes, which seemed set with a small, eager stare, as if he were always on the very point of piercing into some wonderful mystery, and he was holding forth in a strain which indicated he was already far gone in his sermon, or harangue.

But what instantly caught the eye of Purdy and the storekeeper, were Blessed Ben and Holy Joe, seated to the left hand of the preacher, Holy Joe with his saintly smile raised most placidly and unctuously towards the preacher, as if taking in whole measures of sacred felicity and instruction. Blessed Ben, with a more careful eye to the dangers of this howling wilderness of earth, sat facing the door, and evidently caught the very first glimpse of Purdy's head. The storekeeper, however, did not show himself, but, with a hint from his companion, dexterously withdrew from the door, and posted off for a bevy of police. Meantime, Purdy, watching his prey, also listened to the preacher, the current fragment of whose discourse was in this manner:

"Well, my brethren, I have shown you that the days are coming, the latter days, in which the saints are to inherit the earth. There have been three dispensations; first, that of Moses, the dispensation of circumcision and the rejection of swine's flesh. That is done with; we reject the circumcision, and enjoy the gammon.—Then came the New Testament, with its ordinances and subjection to the higher powers. We have walked out of all that, thanks to the beatified Joseph and the Golden Tablets buried of angels. No longer do we twaddle of restraint and dry morals and obedience; ours is the glorious liberty of the children of God. The world is ours, and all that is therein. Ours to enjoy at will, and without condemnation—'there is no condemnation in Christ Jesus.' 'Others have labored, and we have entered into their labors.' The degenerate, out-of-date, second revelationists, they of the New Testament, but not of the newest, not that of the great apostle of Nauvoo, conquer countries, and we enter and enjoy. Yes, my brethren, the standard is raised, the hosts are on the march. By the great Salt Lake rises the New Jerusalem, and from it we are come forth to conquer all the earth. Yes, in this land of gold, we are growing, spreading like the morning, conquering like the noon. 'Who is this who comes from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?' Even I, Orson Excelsior Kid, the Apostle of the Diggings, the Prince of the Gold of Ophir. I tread the wine-press alone, but soon you shall tread it with me, and drink of the new wine of the kingdom of the enfranchised saints.—Where is now condemnation? where is law?—where now is sin? All gone; all swallowed up in the glorious liberty of the sons of God. The prophecies are fulfilled. 'And in that day seven women shall take hold on one man, saying, "We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel, only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach."' Isaiah, fourth chapter, first verse. This is the day, my brethren; seven women, did I say? nay, seven times seven have seized the glorified skirts of our brother, Brigham Young, and they ride after him in chariots and omnibuses. Bless the Lord for His mercies!—Yes, they ride after him in chariots and omnibuses!

"Arise, therefore, ye favored ones; take and eat, and drink, and grow great in the faith. All things are lawful for you. 'Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?' Romans, eighth chapter, thirty-third verse. All I say, yes I, the great Orson Excelsior Kid, I say it, all is ours, the earth and the fulness thereof, and we are called as the children of Israel of old to plunder the Egyptians. For what says the great Apostle of the Gentiles, that is, of the second revelation—'Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth.' Corinthians, chapter ten, verse twenty-four.

"Well, then, my friends, with this glorious charter of perfect freedom, open your eyes; clear them from every film of the old law; 'take the beam out of thine own eye,' as the blessed scripture of the ever blessed Joe Smith saith, 'and put it into thy brother's eye.' Fear no longer to use freedom of speech; lying is no longer lying, that is gone, exploded, grown antiquated, puffed out like the snuff of a candle. For if the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie unto his glory, yet why am I also judged as a sinner?' Romans, third chapter, verse seven.

"Arise, therefore, my beloved brethren, and shine! Yea, shine, dazzling the weak optics and timid minds of the outworn ones, and ye shall quickly take, conquer, possess, overrun and territorize over these vast lands of gold and wool, of oil, and corn, and wine, that shall be. Here I see in the holy vision of the elect, that every man shall soon literally sit under his own vine and his own fig—"

At this instant, when the whole assembly was wrought into a state of intense excitement, a veritable holy agony, when brother Orson Excelsior Kid's visions of conquest and glory were spreading marvellously through every brain, when Blessed Ben exclaimed, "Beautiful! Beautiful as a dream!" and Holy Joe smiled seraphically, and echoed, "Beautiful, indeed!"—when a lean, dry Yankee, cried aloud, "Wal, I calculate that's kinder exilyrating;" and a little Frenchman broke out, "Mon Dieu! 'tis grande, magnifique, pretty well!"—just in that sublime moment an unexpected miracle took place. That grand head of hair of brother Orson Excelsior Kid's, rose into the atmosphere, a flowing wig on a long stick, which was thrust through a hole in the tent behind, and a strange noise of, "Caw-waw-waw!" followed by a roar of boyish laughter outside, filled the assembly of the Latter Day Saints with amazement. In the next moment the wig dropped into the flame of a candle, and blazed up portentously, and the great Orson Excelsior Kid stood with a bare pate and bushy beard, a spectacle to angels and to men.

There was a sudden rush of the indignant brethren to seize the audacious perpetrators of this prank, but Purdy kept a vigilant watch over Blessed Ben and Holy Joe who were soon in the hands of a strong body of police.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

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The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. S. We know nothing of the Professor in question, and therefore cannot say whether he is a *practiser* as well as a *professor*.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that arrangements have been made with the following distinguished writers for contributions during the present year (1857):—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

After the completion of Mr. Howitt's Novelet,

Tallengetta; or, the Squatter's Home,

the following Novelets will be given, though probably not in the exact order here mentioned:—

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY GIRL.

By ALICE CARY. An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post.

THE WITHERED HEART.

An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post, by T. S. ARTHUR.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE QUAKER'S PROTEGE,

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

We have also the promise of a SHORT AND CONDENSED

NOVELET BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

to run through about six or eight numbers of the Post.

In addition to the above list of contributions, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

PRISON DISCIPLINE.

It is well for us who are habitually eloquent in our horror and hatred of the Spanish Inquisition, and who shudder merely to read of the devilish torture-engines still seen in the London Tower, while execrating the tiger cruelty and bat-eyed inhumanity which wrung and wrenched the bodies of men centuries ago, to sometimes turn our attention from those safe abstract distances, and rain our indignation and maledictions on institutions and practices in our own age which need the worst things we can say of them. Our prisons and prison treatment in this country need examination, and in some cases, moral excoriation. If the principles on which we condemn cruelties practised on offenders against the law in past ages, are not applicable to the cruelties of our own age, we should like to know the reason why. There is not an inhuman act committed by the worst wretches of inquisitions, star chambers, or Tower questions, that cannot be more than justified by the code of ethics implied in some of the legalized customs of our prisons in this age. Let it be counted as shame to us if we, the people of this country, when these abuses are brought to our notice, and the barbarous philosophy on which they are defended, fairly exposed, do not move our legislators to accomplish their destruction. The cob webs of old-world cruelty should have no place upon our walls.

Recent developments respecting the management of the inmates of Sing Sing, in New York, are startling, to say the least of them. That prison, it appears, has a prison-discipline of its own, which prescribes modes of correction that no judge on the bench has the power to prescribe in any State of this Union. Prisoners there are sometimes punished by being deprived of their meals. Now, this punishment seems very mild, but when it is remembered that it is entirely at the will of the officials to carry it even to starvation point, or to any degree of perniciousness, it seems anything but mild. It is our decided conviction that jailors generally, though by no means devils, are by no means saints, and we are no more willing to trust them with irresponsible power over their fellow men, than we are other persons. To deprive a man of his regular food, is injurious to his health in a certain degree; if done systematically or repeatedly, it is sure to break down the strongest constitution. Who gave these fellows the right or privilege to injure the health which the Creator gave to the poor wretches under their charge? Another "mild" contrivance is to allow the prisoners only twenty minutes for dinner. The best physicians are continually telling us that the twenty minutes or half hour we use to swallow our meals, is the occasion of our dyspepsias. Who gave these custodians the right or privilege to compel their prisoners to have dyspepsia? But these things are subtle compared to the more obvious villanies which are practiced in that precious den. They have physical tortures—not a great variety, let it be confessed, but enough for a nucleus; they are only beginning, you know; one must bear with the insufficiency for the present; by and by, of course, all the improvements will be added—the rack, the boot, the scavenger's daughter, the thumb-screw, and the other implements of hell which were of old so effectual. At present they are limited;—however, they have the yoke, an iron instrument weighing twenty-five pounds, fastened across the shoulders of the victim, whose extended arms are tied by the wrists to its extremities. It is, of course, a very agonizing punishment; the blood runs out of the arms; the circulation is disturbed; the arms and back become weak and filled with intolerable pains; the whole man suffers with infernal cramps and aches. What of it? He is a criminal; he is the fair game of jailors' ignorance or cruelty; they may even crucify him a little if they think best; they may judge—these men of whims, passions, vindictiveness, weaknesses, like other men's—they may judge at will when the criminal deserves correction, and they may torture him to any extent that does not leave evidences. He is now beyond the purgatory of the law, and a dweller in the inferno of the jailors. If he complains to a visiting committee—it's a lie—where's his proof? If he should grow weary of life, and commit suicide, that's obstinacy—that's contumacy! If he should grow savage and desperate under "correction," and madly knife his warden—that's innate depravity—that's mere brute wickedness! Well treated? Lord bless you, sir, of course he's well treated—only "yoked" now and then, and that's necessary! "Crowning" is also necessary. The Crown is an instrument of torture, formed of iron bands, cap-shaped, and worn day and night by the prisoners who are punished with it, they being compelled even to sleep with their heads thus encased. This damnable helmet, of course, makes the wearer very sweet-tempered, and if it does not effect a change of heart, its influence must be very potent in producing a change of brain. But if those things fail, the prison discipline has other tortures wherewith to demonize, maim, or destroy its victims.

Such, in brief, are the prison practices of Sing Sing. No wonder that the New York Governors are prone to the fullest exercise of the pardoning power. To loose rascals upon society is better than to have them tortured in jail. To what extent the opportunity for the gubernatorial alternative is offered in other States, we know not. But we hope that the people everywhere will look into their several prison systems and see how widely this kind of thing is practiced. In Massachusetts lately, two wardens were killed in succession, in the same prison. We should like to know if the murderers had any good cause for their acts, or if it was mere motiveless malignity. We do not charge the wardens or officers of any prison, anywhere, of wilful inhumanity. We do not know anything of their motives; they may be as humane as they know how, but we believe that in a great number of instances they do not know how. They are men, probably, of the ordinary stamp; of rude, and not scientific, minds, which are probably infected with the prevalent notions respecting criminals and the treatment they deserve. They think, no doubt, as a large number of their fellow-citizens think, that mortal man has a right to assume the prerogative of his Maker, and sit in judgment on, and presume to punish offenders, of whose essential guiltness he cannot possibly, by the very conditions of his nature, *know* anything. The fault after all is in ourselves, in our arrogance, our lack of charity, our false philosophy of crime, and of our relations to evil doers. To prevent and to remedy the acts of criminals, is the sole province of society; to punish those acts, is the right only of the wise and just God. As long as we think otherwise, our wardens and jailors will act as they do in their prison government, and all the evils which now result to them and to society from their conduct, will continue.

Governor Price, of New Jersey, in his recent message to the Legislature, said he thought solitary confinement inhuman, and recommended its abolition. We are glad to credit one Governor at least, with so much humanity and intelligence. Solitary confinement is the very refinement of cruelty. To sequester a vicious or violent man, is well enough; separate confinement is necessary. But to put him in a white cell, with no employment to divert his mind from the ghastly horror of those four white walls, and leave him a prey to the herd of nightmares and indescribable psychological terrors bred in such seclusion, is infernal. If any body wishes to try the effect, let him shut himself up in a bare room without windows for two hours; if he is a humane person he will emerge from that experience, resolved never to assent to the infliction of such a punishment on any human being.

The sooner we dismiss the idea of mere punishment for punishment's sake, and commence with offenders on the principle of re-education, the better for us. One thing is especially needed; the employment of a higher grade of intellect and ability in prison officers. It is no light task to successfully deal with criminals. It demands the learning and experience of the physician and metaphysician, the spiritual power of the divine and the executive ability of the officer. No mere thief-taker or turnkey will do. It calls for a combination of the highest spiritual and intellectual powers and qualities, and affords work for the picked men of the race, as does every department of human government and education.

We know that any suggestion for improvement in prison discipline, is met by some people with sneers at the philanthropy that aims to reclaim criminals by kindness. It is enough to reply that the agency has been proved more effectual than cruelty, and thus comes commended to our cautious, sensible, practical Saxon men. And let us also say that this subject, being related to every other subject in our social scheme, asks that the law we would apply to it be also applied to every other department of life. Reforms can never be effectual if partial. It is not only a reformation in the details of prison government that we would fain see effected, but the institution of the law of Christian justice and love as the regulator not only of a jail discipline, but of every phase of social life. To treat a criminal with extreme gentleness and an innocent sailor or servant with extreme harshness, would be ridiculous, indeed, as well as wicked, but chiefly ridiculous because inconsistent. The rule is to be just and gentle to all humankind—criminals included. "There are," says a quaint writer, "three kinds of poor: God's poor, the devil's poor, and the poor devils." Let us be careful, that, while we scrupulously do our Christian duty by the devil's poor, we are not neglectful of our duty to the other kinds.

THE STORM IN PHILADELPHIA.

As we go to press, there is a roar of winter all around us. The storm that has fallen upon our city is probably one of the severest on record.—It commenced snowing on Sunday morning, the 18th inst., and has snowed until noon to-day, the 19th, without abatement. At present, although there is a lull in the snow-fall, the sky is gray, the wind is bleak and loud, and the storm promises to continue indefinitely. Its broad wings no doubt cover nearly the whole Union. News reaches us from North Carolina and Virginia, telling of tempest and eight inches of snow.—The storm rages at Washington, Baltimore, and New York with the utmost fury. From its commencement, it has been accompanied by a hoarse and howling torrent of wind, which drove the flakes asiant, or wildly tossed and whirled them in its roaring eddies. The weather, too, has been bitterly cold.

A great deal of damage has been done in the city. The Tabernacle M. E. Church was burned down on Sunday evening in the midst of the tempest. Two or three other fires took place.—During the night following the 18th, shutters and signs were wrenched off in great numbers by the wind, trees plucked up, awnings rent to tatters, houses unroofed, and all kinds of mischief done. Eleven roofs are already reported as blown off.

Sadder incidents darken the record. One poor woman, habituated to drink, was found, at the miserable dawn of the 19th, frozen to death in the street, her limbs protruding from a deep snow-drift. Her child, two years old, was found alone at her dwelling. The husband had gone to his work, not knowing what had become of his wife.

During the night several persons were picked up in the streets, nearly perished with cold. A gentleman was found nearly dead. He had slipped down, broken his leg, and was unable to move from the sidewalk where he had fallen. An intoxicated woman, nearly frozen, was picked up. Many of the police were frost-bitten while on their beats, and other persons suffered similarly.

All the railroads divergent from the city, are snowed up. Business men who live at Germantown, Norristown, Manayunk, Kensington, or other distant parts of the consolidated city, have been unable to reach town. Many of the stores are closed. The vehicles in the streets are few. The pedestrians, enveloped in all manner of mufflers, coats, and comforters, with snow and frost on their beards and brows, look like hyperboreans. The whole city in a single night has become Arctic. We are rather Moscow than Philadelphia. The temperature is entirely in keeping with the general aspect—the thermometer in some parts of the city being at zero. The peculiarity of this storm is that throughout, in despite of the quantity of snow that has fallen, the weather has been intensely cold.

INDIVIDUAL ENTERPRISE.

The *Boston Courier* calls attention to the interruptions of the trade of this city caused by the ice in the Delaware. Our merchants seem fully to realize the importance of the subject—but what do they do? Instead of putting their own shoulders to the wheel, they call despondingly upon the Jupiter of the City Councils to help them. Why not help themselves occasionally—why this incessant appealing to the city authorities for aid, in this, that and the other matter? In New York it is not so. If the New York merchants, on similar occasions, waited for their city authorities to move, they would find themselves even behind Philadelphia. But they move themselves—knowing that if the whole city be indirectly interested, they are the parties directly and immediately concerned.

Just listen to our Market street merchants—how long is it that they have been grumbling and growling about the market houses, with no one fair and sensible movement to get rid of them? The City urges, and justly, that it derives a large yearly revenue—some $20,000, we believe from those market-houses. Why should the city be asked to deposit an amount equivalent to that in the pockets of those who own and rent property along Market street?

Now suppose the Market street gentlemen were to say, the City shall lose nothing by it. If those market-houses were out of the way, the increased value of our stores to us would be equivalent to much more than $20,000 yearly. There are seven squares of market-houses,—and the property in each square therefore, would only need to burden itself with a yearly tax of some $3,000 to compensate the City for their removal. Would not the property be worth much more than this, yearly, to its owners and holders, were the markets removed? If it would not, then there is very little use of worrying ourselves about so small a matter. If it would, let the parties who are to be thus directly benefitted, pay the damage. Why should the whole city contribute to put money in their purses, even if the whole city is to be indirectly benefitted by their spending of that money?

And so in many other cases, in which the city is implored to do that which individuals fairly should do. If this thing be not stopped, new projects will be constantly started, simply for the sake of plundering the city treasury. If a proposed improvement will not commend itself to the attention and patronage of the capitalists among us, then let it go unimproved. And if the city has made heretofore any foolish investments, let not our Councils throw good money after bad. It is a pretty state of affairs, when the city is deceived into subscribing to a railroad, and then that very deceit given as a reason why a fresh subscription should be made. That is offering a direct premium upon insincerity. Let the city lose its money, if need be, and learn a little wisdom thereby. We think half a million sunk in that way, would save many millions in the long run, and thus prove a capital investment.

HORACE VERNET, the celebrated French painter, has been engaged to execute a battle-piece for the new Capitol extension at Washington.

We are pleased to hear this—genius is of and for no nation, but of and for the whole race of mankind. Why not something more peaceful and tranquil than a battle-piece, though? The representatives of this fiery American people need incentives to peace more than to war.

WINTER CLOTHING.

The Medical Specialist recommends for gentleman's under clothing in winter, Welsh flannel or merino (all wool) shirts and drawers. Knitted worsted stockings, with a chamois leather jerkin or waistcoat, with sleeves to be worn over the flannel in the coldest weather, or in bleak windy days. For the ladies, the same garments of the same materials, except in the article of drawers, they may preferentially use linsey-woolsey, or Canton flannel, and these should be made tight at the ankles. No hoops! No funnel sleeves! for the cold air to rush up the arm-pits and chill the chest. The shirt and other under clothes, as well as the dress, should be made to cover the shoulders and collar-bones, close around the throat. By this means you will be prevented from throwing additional weight upon the shoulders, in the shape of extra shawls and cloaks, and thus diminish the labor of breathing. Also cover the top of the head.

The value of these recommendations can hardly be over estimated. We do not dress ourselves warmly enough in this country—our women in particular. Every precaution ought to be taken against the stinging and bitter airs of our Northern winters, and the fickleness of our climate. Many people, we are aware, dress thinly on principle. They hold that exposure to the weather inures the constitution. It is a great mistake. The effect of endurance is a gradual exhaustion. Every bitter blast that finds us exposed, draws upon our vitality. It is said that a large proportion of the soldiers that perished in Napoleon's terrible retreat from Moscow, were those that belonged to the colder countries. The soldiers drawn from the warm Southern lands, bore the rigor of the winter best. The men from the cold states had already had their vitality so diminished by the annua demands that had been made upon it, that what remained was insufficient to meet the unusual severity of the Russian winter, and they perished; whereas the men from the warm countries whose constitutional vigor had never been impaired by wintry seasons, offered to the cold an undiminished vital power, which no icy weather could not exhaust so readily. We do not counsel effeminacy, but prudence. A person who should overdress himself in July in flannels and overcoats, in order to accustom himself to endure the heat, would be quite as wise as he who should underdress himself in December in order to inure himself to the cold. The natural instincts which advise the Esquimaux to dress in furs, and the Otaheitans to go nearly naked, in correspondence to the qualities of their respective climates, ought to have some slight share in the counsels of civilized people. No person can be well that is not comfortable, and no person can be comfortable that feels the bitterness of the weather searching the marrow of the bones. Therefore, let us dress ourselves with clothing sufficient to make us comfortable. The robustness of English men and women is more owing, we verily believe, to the exquisite sense with which they provide for the natural needs of the body, than to any primal condition of temperament, constitution, or climate. It is true that they are often apt to overdo their self-care, and pamper themselves. But we may well take a hint from them in regard to our physical protection and nourishment, matters to which we give too little attention, either for our own good or for the good of our children. Women in this country, particularly in large cities towns, are injuring themselves and their posterity to a fearful extent simply by the insufficient and useless character of their winter apparel. It is an actual fact that the majority of them are not dressed as warmly as the men, although they are far more delicate, far more sensitive, constitutionally, to the effects of exposure to inclement frozen weather, and consequently need even a more careful and thorough raiment than men wear. The top of the head, which is peculiarly sensitive to either heat or cold, and whose sensitivity in women is practically increased by the hair being parted in the middle, thus leaving a line of scalp bare, which the male fashion of hair dressing covers, is left quite exposed to the frozen air by the present style of small bonnets. Hence, catarrhs, neuralgia, and other complaints, similar in kind, which are almost confined to the female sex. Then we have the feet, a very sensitive portion of the body, which men especially protect. It is a fact that the thickest feet-coverings the majority of our women wear, are not thicker than the thinnest summer boots worn by men. Physicians can, in consequence, report a great variety of serious diseases to which women are peculiarly liable, brought on in them, by this special folly. It is the same with the other articles of female clothing. In nine cases out of ten, they, who should be better clothed than men, are not clothed nearly so well. Now this is a matter in which the male sex have a more direct interest them may at first sight be supposed. Let it be remembered that the spiritual health of people often depends upon their bodily health:—"sick body, sick mind." Then think that the bodily health depends in a great measure upon the proper protection of the body. Then reflect, that if a woman is deficient in health, bodily or spiritual, her deficiency will also appear in her offspring. Thus by the condition of one generation of mothers, the condition of the next generation of both fathers and mothers is sensibly affected, and so on till a whole race may be either elevated or degraded, as the condition of its ancestry may have been. Very great results follow from very small causes;—the philosophy of all life and history is in these few words. The present inferiority of many a people, might be traced back to some ancestral disregard of the reciprocal laws of body and soul—perhaps something as apparently insignificant as the omission of thick shoes, flannels, and warm bonnets in the rim of the ancestral apparel. One thing is certain: That a generation of healthy and noble women can alone give birth to a race of strong and great men. And another thing is equally certain: That no generation of women is noble that virtually resolves not to be healthy, and that cannot be healthy until they employ the measures which, though simple in themselves, are absolutely necessary to the attainment of that important end. Every matter, slight or serious, is found to have a connection with the solemn central truths to which our lives are bound; and even this matter of proper dress, rightly pursued to its ends, and considered in all its bearings, will be found to assume at last, the aspect of a moral and religious duty.

THE MOST PHILANTHROPIC PROPOSAL OF THE AGE.—It appears that there is some difficulty between the States of New York and New Jersey relative to the possession of Sandy Hook—New York wishing to obtain a cession of that portion of the New Jersey Territory. Gov. Price, of New Jersey, proposes to settle the whole matter by accepting from New York a cession of New York City and Staten Island. When it is considered what a great responsibility and trouble New Jersey would take upon herself by undertaking to father such a sinful and irregular child as Gotham, the immense philanthropy of Gov. Price's proposition will be fully appreciated.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 293—Adults and children 200.

VENUS IN THE SHADOW LINE.

The following paragraph has been "going the rounds" extensively:

The transit of Venus will take place in 1861, when the planet will pass directly between the earth and the sun during the day, and the darkness caused by it will make lights necessary in the houses. The transit only occurs once in a century, and on the last occasion the British Government fitted out an expedition to the South Pacific Ocean for the purpose of observing it from several points simultaneously, for astronomical purposes.

It is possible that the above statement originated in the brain of some mad wag. The point of the joke is, that it has been generally accepted by the press as a matter of fact, and that in all its travels, it has not once, so far as we know, been even questioned, much less denied. It is, in fact, an almost total falsehood. The only bit of truth in it is the assertion that the British Government fitted out an expedition to the South Pacific for the purpose of observing the last transit for astronomical purposes. Even this is not correctly, because not entirely stated. *Several* European Governments in the transits of 1761 and 1769 had expensive expeditions in various parts of the globe, for the purpose of making observations, whose chief ends are the determination of the distance of the earth from the sun, and the distances of the other planets and fixed stars. The English expedition of 1769 was commanded by the famous Captain Cook, who observed the transit at Otaheite, while the other expeditions were widely separated.

All the rest is wrong. The next transit of Venus takes place not in 1861, but in 1874. It is not true that the transit occurs only once in a century, since, as we have said, the transits of 1761 and 1769, were divided by an interval of only eight years. The truth is that transits of Venus are of infrequent occurrence; that if they do not occur after eight years, they will not occur *at the same node* for two hundred and thirty-five years, but intermediate transits may occur *at the other node*—there being, as our readers probably know, two, the ascending and the descending. As for the transit causing a total, or even a partial, eclipse, that is simply ludicrous. The moon, earth, and sun, are generally understood to be the only parties to that kind of performance. The fact is that the planet Venus is one of those two planets, Mercury being the other, which are nearest to the sun. Vastly inferior in size to that body, Venus, in her passage across its disc is only perceptible by the aid of the astronomical glass, and then appears simply as a black dot travelling across the orb of the great luminary. Its transit can, of course, have no perceptible effect on our daylight.

The moral of this exposition is that people who live in glass houses, shouldn't throw stones. Our presses have hardly recovered from the fit of ecstatic delight with which they were attacked when the London Times published an absurd Munchausenism from a Mr. Arrowsmith of Liverpool, narrating a series of occurrences on a Georgia railroad, which the Times knew no better than to suppose true. We exulted over the sale of that ponderous journal on that occasion. To be sure it had some show of reason on its side; it had the downright statement of Mr. Arrowsmith, a person of character and respectability, (evidently laboring under some curious hallucination); it had the bare possibility of the alleged occurrence; and, under the circumstances, it was not wonderful that it should be deceived by the evidence. However, our presses talked of the facility with which the English press can be hoaxed, talked of English ignorance, English gullibility, English stupidity, and made a great variety of pointed paragraphs on those interesting topics. The punctures which those pointed paragraphs made on the public mind are hardly healed, when we find our presses circulating as grave fact, an astronomical hoax, which any schoolboy of any smartness would see through! Who afford, now, the best subjects for the pointing of paragraphs—our English neighbors or ourselves? In view of the obvious answer, isn't it well to learn our oft-commended lesson of humility once again? Give the English press its due; it may lack information with regard to the geography, manners or customs of America or Timbuctoo; but it never blunders in science—it never supposes Venus to be capable of darkening our daylight, or declares that innocent and remote planet to be prospectively engaged in the eclipse business!

NEW SEEDS.

We are indebted to the Hon. Charles Mason, Commissioner of Patents, for several packages of the various new kinds of seeds which the office is engaged in distributing. We notice the following varieties, with directions for planting:—

CHINESE SUGAR CANE. Cultivate as Broom Corn. Plant in hills 3 feet by 2 feet apart with ten seeds in a hill, and reduce each hill to six stalks at the first hoeing; but do not plant in the vicinity of Dourah corn, chocolate corn, or broom corn, as it mixes freely with these plants, and will render the seeds unfit for planting.

SPANISH WATERMELON. A very dark-green rind—flesh red—seeds black—of superior quality. Plant in hills 12 feet apart in warm, light land, made rich by well rotted stable or barnyard manure.

LONG SCARLET RADISH. Sown in drills ten inches apart, in a moderately light, rich soil, early or late.

PURE EARLY YORK CABBAGE SEED. From England.

DWARF GREEN MAMMOTH PEA. From England. Height 2½ feet. One of the earliest and best sorts in cultivation, and may also be sown for late crops. Sow in double drills, 10 inches apart, with alleys 2½ feet wide between, at the period of the flowering of the almond or peach.

WINNINGSTADT CABBAGE. A very early sugar-loaf variety, exceedingly tender, compact and solid, of a fine green color, with a short stalk. May be cultivated as the Early York.

SEA KAIL—from England. JAPAN PEAS. MARCELLIN SAVOY CABBAGE. CRIMSON CLOVER—from England. SNOWBALL TURNIP—from England.

SWEET VERNAL GRASS. Perennial. Chiefly valued for its fragrant odor when partially dried. Flourishes best on a cold, thin soil.

As we ourself have a garden, which, though not very large, is large enough to brag about, on occasion, we shall perhaps be able to enlighten our readers hereafter as to the quality of the above articles. We find that by carrying all the soap suds, dish water, &c., through a drain from the kitchen to a sink (with an iron pump in it) in a corner of the garden, and distributing the contents of this sink weekly over the ground by means of a garden engine, that vegetables will grow for us, a mere citizen, about as rapidly—if not a little more so—than for our agricultural neighbors. So we begin to feel quite an interest in such matters—especially as our "better half" has the responsible management, and saves us, through her better knowledge, from those various little mortifying mistakes which city amateurs are apt to commit when they set out to astonish their rural friends. So, let our country readers just wait awhile, if they wish to learn the utmost developments of which the above contributions

New Publications.

LAKE NGAMI; or Explorations and Discoveries in South Western Africa. By CHARLES JOHN ANDERSSON. With an Introductory letter by JOHN CHARLES FREMONT. Dix, Edwards & Co., New York. For sale by H Cowperthwait & Co., Philada.

A work of singular interest. The author spent four years in the wilds of South Western Africa, and besides the valuable store of information he collected with regard to those regions, he has opened a practicable route by which commerce, and, perhaps, civilization, may find a way into the centre of that unknown country. Travel, like religion, has its martyrs; and Mr. Andersson is one of them, his health, like Dr. Kane's having been fearfully impaired by the hardships he has undergone during his explorations. No novel could have more powerful and stirring interest than his record of the wild life one leads in Africa. Take, for instance, the nocturnal adventure at Kobis, published on our fourth page.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—We have from Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., the January number of the Medico-Chirurgical Review. It contains, among other able articles, a vigorous and well-digested paper, by Dr. Bemiss, of Louisville, on the effects of Marriages between blood relations, a subject which certainly deserves the earnest consideration of the public.

From Messrs. Blanchard & Lea we have The American Journal of the Medical Sciences (Quarterly), for January, a publication, we need hardly say, of the highest value to physicians of every description.

Mr. W. B. Zieber has the North American Quarterly Review, for January. It contains an entertaining paper on Robin Hood, and a fine article on Contemporary French Literature, with other things of interest and value. We may say, in this connection, that Mr. Zieber is the agent for the five great English Reviews, which accurately represent the current life, politics, and literature of Great Britain, as the North American ought, but does not, the life, politics, and literature of America. The four Reviews—the London Quarterly (Conservative), the Edinburgh (Whig), the North British (Free Church), the Westminster (Liberal), together with Tory Blackwood's Magazine, may be had for ten dollars per annum. Any one of the Reviews can be had for three dollars, two for five, three for seven, four for eight. Blackwood is three dollars, and with three of the four Reviews, nine.

"DEAD millionaires at Greenwood
Lie royally in state,
Their tombs have rich appointments—
Marble sculpture, metal gate;
But the grave of Pater Patriæ
Is desolate and bare,
Though it sets on exhibition
A nice income for his heir.

"The groves of England's Windsor
No woodman's axe invades;
They stand as when the Tudors
Chased deer beneath their shades;
But the forests of Mount Vernon
Guarding Washington's remains,
Are being sold on speculation,
To be peddled out in canes!"

☞ A wise man ought to hope for the best, be prepared for the worst, and bear with equanimity whatever may happen.

☞ What a wonderful incongruity it is for a man to see the doubtfulness in which things are involved, and yet be impatient out of action, or vehement in it.—*Butler.*

☞ There is a vigilance and judgment about trifles, which men only get by living in a crowd; and those are the trifles of detail, on which the success of execution depends.—*Horner.*

☞ SELF LOVE.—It is easy to look down on others; to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.—*Lord Peterborough.*

☞ RIDICULE AND TRUTH.—He who brings ridicule to bear against truth, finds in his hand a blade without a hilt. The most sparkling and pointed flame of wit flickers and expires against the incombustible walls of her sanctuary.—*Lucian.*

☞ When I behold a fashionable table, set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gouts and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers, lying in ambuscade among the dishes.—*Addison.*

DEAD? What is that? A word to joy unknown,
Which love abhors and faith will never own.
A word whose meaning sense could never find,
That has no truth in matter, nor in mind.
—*Hartley Coleridge.*

☞ People are all the summer learning to leave a door open, and the whole winter learning to close it.

☞ An aged bachelor being asked if he had witnessed a public execution, replied, "No; but I once saw a marriage."

☞ White hair is the chalk with which Time keeps its score—two, three, or fourscore, as the case may be—on a man's head.

☞ *Young Lady* (to matter-of fact parent).—"Papa, how much stuff do you think there is in this dress?"

Papa.—"Humph! I should think it was all stuff and nonsense!"

☞ COMPANIONS.—What is companionship, where nothing that improves the intellect is communicated, and where the larger heart contracts itself to the model and dimension of the smaller?—*Diogenes.*

☞ When we read we fancy we could be martyrs; when we come to act, we find we cannot bear a provoking word.

☞ TRUTH.—Truth, like the juice of the poppy, in small quantities, calms men; in larger, heats and irritates them, and is attended by fatal consequences in its excess.—*Middleton.*

Ye snow did fall on ye omnibus man,
And almost made him blind;
But to his senses he was recalled
By the singing out, "Cut behind!"
Then he raised on high the long-tailed whip,
And caused it to descend
On ye rear part of ye little boy's hip
Who his journey there did end.

☞ When a native of Java has a child born, he immediately plants a cocoa tree, which, adding a circle every year to its bark, indicates the age of the child. The child, in consequence, regards the tree with affection all the rest of its life.

☞ THE ACT OF DYING IS SELDOM PAINFUL.—Sir Henry Halfourd, the eminent London physician, says:—"Of the great number to whom it has been my painful professional duty to have administered in the last days of their lives, I have sometimes felt surprised that *so few have appeared reluctant* to go to 'the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns.'"

☞ A GOOD REASON.—A lady was asked, the other day, why she chose to live a single life, and simply replied: "Because I am not able to support a husband."

☞ TENDER FORETHOUGHT.—Devoted Wife.—"Oh, what a beautiful monument! Wouldn't you like to have such a one as that, dear!"

☞ RATHER SLOW.—A man in New Orleans walks so slow, that his shadow frequently falls

Paris Letter.

CHRISTMAS IN PARIS—THE RULING PASSION—A LUCKY HIT—AGRICULTURAL INFERIORITY—A PRINCELY VISITOR—AN ELOQUENT FACT—A CURIOUS WEDDING-CAKE.

PARIS, Dec. 25, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

A rainy Christmas, such as we have been threatened with for the present occasion, is particularly disappointing here, because the Paris shops are so preternaturally splendid at this season that everybody wants to spend the holiday week in wandering through the streets, admiring the pretty things in the windows; and when it rains in Paris, as it has been doing at short intervals for a week past, the thoroughfares are such lakes and rivers of mud, that it needs a world of small heroism to venture out.

Luckily, this present Christmas-Day promises to be fine, and the mud on the sidewalks is rapidly drying up under the influence of the first gleam of sunshine we have had for a fortnight.

But be the city clean or dirty, the shops are always magnificent on the approach of the New Year. Their display, and their selling-season, begin alike about a week before Christmas, and are continued for about a week after New Year's Day. The former of these festivals is but little regarded here, except as a religious high-tide. All social and family gatherings, and the giving of the gifts so universal in this country, are reserved for the ushering in of the New Year.

The shops of Paris are famous for their brilliant lighting all the year round. But just now, when the gayest colors and the richest forms are shown off most temptingly in every window, and the floods of gas-light are thrown back from satins and silks, flowers, laces, jewels, the most exquisite nicknacks, and the most superb furniture, the sight is really dazzling. But what would it be without gas, that invaluable triumph of human ingenuity, which is still so little known in many regions, and even insufficiently supplied to many important towns? Just imagine this brilliant city, where streets, shops, theatres, &c., are so well lighted by this convenient vapor, being suddenly deprived of its services, and left, as was the town of Weimar a few days ago, entirely without means of lighting! On this occasion, according to the Journal de Frankfort, the following notice was posted up in the streets by the civic authorities. "The gas having given out, the streets of Weimar will not be lighted this evening. Those who do not wish to run their heads against a wall, are therefore invited to stay at home, or to furnish themselves with a lantern." The theatre of the funny little town was closed, that same night, from want of gas. Happily, we are threatened with no such danger, and the *étrennes*, or New Year's Gifts, which just now constitute the uppermost subject of cogitation in the minds of those who are to give and of those who are to receive them, may be purchased in the full glare of artificial daylight, their buyers having to encounter no other difficulties than those arising from the perplexity of the choice thus offered them, and the labor of reconciling the conflicting claims of prices and possibilities.

Meantime, the churches are in full blast. Services succeed one another without interruption, and will wind up with a Midnight Mass on the last night of the Old Year.

The last solemnity, so romantic in name, has nothing else romantic or interesting about it, being just like any other evening service, and merely particularly wearisome from being held at an hour when the worshippers, tired, sleepy and chilly, had much better be quietly dreaming in their beds.—The vast churches, full of lights, showing through a somewhat foggy atmosphere, and thronged by women, with but a sprinkling of the sterner sex, muttering their prayers, preparatory to receiving the half-allowance of the Communion, which is all that the Catholic Church allows to its votaries, constitutes a spectacle by no means so striking or interesting as to pay one for the discomfort of being kept out of one's bed until the "small hours" of the morning.

Still, take the services of the Christmas Week as a whole, they are worth the attendance of visitors, giving, as they do, a picture of one side of French life, in which fervor and frippery, piety and amusement, appeals to sentiment and the senses, are mixed up in a very curious and characteristic style. Thus representations of the Manger of Bethlehem, the visit of the Seven Kings, and the other legendary histories connected with that place and scene, are to be found in most of the churches. These shows are got up in some one of the small chapels, or recesses in the walls that surround the interior of Continental Churches; and outside the railing which protects the "sacred" representation, is placed a table, on which are broad, shallow silver dishes, or trays, to receive the offerings of the faithful. It is needless to add that these dishes, whose contents are ostensibly devoted to the relief of the poor of the parish, are watched over very sharply by the tall beadles, in cocked hats, and uniforms laced with silver, holding in their plump and vigorous hands the silver "staff," symbolic of the "office," which they are all so well disposed to "magnify," on any and every occasion.

The attitudes and deportment of the people there collected, offer a curious subject of study. Some are evidently absorbed in the contemplation of the events portrayed, and are lost in quiet musing, or soar aloft in ecstatic anticipation of heavenly joys. But these are the exceptions. The greater number either gabble through their prayers in the most mechanical and unconcerned manner, looking about them, meantime, seeing all that is going on, and taking an inventory of the dress of their neighbors; or look on the brilliantly lighted scene merely as a spectacle, and take themselves off, after having duly admired it.

The custom of dressing the churches in evergreens, so general in Protestant countries, and of so pretty an effect, is unknown here; and though the celebration of the Catholic ritual is certainly, in some respects, not devoid of impressiveness, yet these Christmas doings, with the flowers, satin, lace, and wax-lights lavished on the altars—the recitations of the priests, the tinkling of bells, the pealing of the organ, the gabbling prayings of the people, and the perfume of the incense, joined to the irreverent bearing of so many of the congregation, the pompous stalking up and down of the beadle, and the presence of soldiers, musket in hand, at the church-doors and on the steps of the principal altar—are productive of anything but solemnity in the minds of profane lookers-on.

The famous masked balls held every winter at the opera are about to commence. Concerts are beginning to be advertised, and the operas and theatres are very busy. No especial novelty, has marked the return of the musical season. The *Traviata*, whatever a handful of determined partisans may say to the contrary, is a failure. It is possible that Mlle. Piccolomini may be better liked in some other work; but as yet she is far from having conquered the sympathy of her Parisian auditors.

The mania for lotteries seems as strong as ever here; and the Government, instead of endeavoring to repress this demoralizing tendency, contents itself with making a handsome percentage out of it. The Emperor has just issued an edict forbidding all persons employed at Court from speculating on 'Change. In Prussia and Austria, a similar measure is contemplated. But as long as the rulers of a people set the example of lavish expenditure such as prevails at all European Courts, it is idle to attempt to check the race after wealth by any such restrictive action. As an illustration of the rage after riches which marks the present epoch, we are told that an ingenious speculator has scraped together the sum of a million of francs, in cash, and is about to exhibit the same in a room, hired for the purpose, on the Boulevard Italien. The possession of "a million" being now the *ne plus ultra* of so many souls, the speculator is confident that crowds will gladly pay the small entrance fee of two *sous* for the pleasure of beholding with their own eyes, the concrete and tangible form of this abstract object of their efforts and desires. Absurd as the idea may seem there is no doubt but this novel exhibition will make the fortunes of its exhibitors.

The eagerness with which the people of France are rushing into every form of speculative enterprise, to the comparative neglect of the agricultural and industrial efforts which alone afford a solid basis for national wealth, is greatly to be deplored. It is pretty clear that, but for the zealous and laudable efforts of the various Agricultural Societies, Agriculture would decline instead of advancing. The reports of these bodies speak hopefully of the success of their efforts; but admit also, that much must be done before this country, so richly gifted by Nature, can be made to produce as much per acre as several of its neighbors. It is computed that if France raised as much grain per superficial acre as England does, she would obtain from the land already under culture, three hundred and fifty millions of hectolitres of grain, whereas she now obtains only one hundred and fifty millions. Moreover, England raises, in proportion to her extent, five times the number of cattle raised in France. Belgium, Germany, Lombardy, and Piedmont, raise more than double the amount of grain per acre; and the latter countries support, on an average, thirty-five inhabitants to the square acre, whereas France supports only seventeen persons to the same extent of surface.

The young Prince of Prussia, affianced, as everybody knows, to the Princess-Royal of England, has just left Paris, having spent a few days on a visit to the Emperor. On his arrival here, he was met, at the railway-station, by several of the Imperial carriages and a Guard of Honor, that escorted him through the streets, with drawn swords, to the Tuileries. He went about a good deal with the Emperor and Empress, and visited the opera two or three times. He is a pleasant, fair-haired, blue-eyed little German, of middle height, but looking almost younger than he is. His make is particularly neat and dapper, but without sinking into the dandy. Those who know him speak well of him as very goodhearted, intelligent, and gentlemanly; without pride or affectation of any kind. Two years ago, when visiting Queen Victoria, she waltzed with him, a thing very unusual with her; and the young Prince was pronounced by competent judges, to be a very accomplished waltzer. The Court-lady to whose experience in such matters, your readers are indebted for the description of the business of getting presented at the English Court, which formed the subject of one of my recent letters, informs me that the little Princess, who is a very sensible, good girl, amiable, intelligent, and unaffected, is most tremendously and amusingly in love with her future spouse, and blushes up to the roots of her hair whenever he speaks to her in the presence of the Court. A pretty palace in the well-known "Under the Lindens-street" of Berlin, is being charmingly fitted up by *King Cliquot* for the use of the little pair of royal turtle-doves, who are to be married on the day on which the bride-to-be will attain the matronly age of seventeen;—just eight years too soon for her own physical well-being, and that of her children, say the physiological wiseheads.

We are still tossed about on a sea of conflicting rumors with regard to the period at which the long-talked-of Supplementary Diplomatic Powwow is to take place. Some leading authorities declare that the delegates of the "Great Powers" will hold their first session the day after to-morrow; others declare the whole concern to be postponed indefinitely. It is hardly thought here that Prussia will actually make war on Switzerland; but on this point, as on many others, all that can be predicted with certainty is the self-evident fact that we shall know more on the subject three months hence than we do at present.

As Russia is so evidently preparing to extend her sway, if possible, in Asia, it is interesting to see what she has hitherto accomplished for the education of the sixty millions of subjects already submitted to her sway. According to a report just published by the Minister of Public Instruction in Russia, we learn that there are, in that country, 47 public libraries, (there are over 50 in Paris alone!) and 3,872 schools of various kinds, the total number of scholars being 194,490. Of these schools 614 are private, their pupils numbering 21,893, under the care of some 2,087 teachers of both sexes. In the four Governments and three Territories of Siberia, there are three lyceums, seven public schools, and two private ones; the number of scholars in all 4,846. And this is the "paternal despotism" that so many both in this country and yours, declare to be the "natural ally" of France and of the United States, of whom, according to the same peculiar reasoning, Great Britain should be regarded as the "natural enemy."

That minute sample of an American citizen, General Tom Thumb, who is just now gratifying the Londoners with the light of his countenance, has somewhat of a rival in the little "Prince Colibri," renowned among contemporaneous dwarfs as much for his grace and agility as for his minuteness of stature. At a grand wedding-feast, recently given by one of the richest manufacturers of Lyons, a great silver dish, containing a magnificent cake, of the sort known to French pastry cooks and their customers as a *biscuit de savoie*, was brought in, at the dessert, by two servants, and placed in the centre of the table. This cake, being deftly opened by one of the waiters, out sprang the little dwarf aforesaid, attired as a Paladin of the olden time, to the great surprise and delight of the guests. The little fellow made the round of the table, with his accustomed graces, bestowing his bows and smiles with great liberality, and presenting each lady with a beautiful bouquet. QUANTUM

NEWS ITEMS.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—On the day of the Presidential election in the State of Iowa, Fremont County gave a majority for Buchanan, and Buchanan County gave a majority for Fremont.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—During the severe winter of 1852-3, Captain Davids, of Janesville, Wisconsin, bought of those who trapped them, and kept them alive in the barn, about 100 quails, and let them loose in the spring. The region has abounded with them ever since, and the kind-hearted old captain has been repaid a thousand times for his thoughtful generosity in the sport he has enjoyed, the suppers he has relished and digested, and in the remembrance of a good deed. Let everybody spare the quails this winter.

COAL CANDLES.—The editor of the Alexandria (Virginia) Gazette, has been presented with a candle made of Cannel Coal. It was made at a new establishment in Kanawha County, Virginia, and is nearly transparent, resembling wax, and burns with a beautiful clear light.

A FRESH START.—By the operation of a general law of the State of Maine, the charters of all the banks in that State will expire during the year 1857, and all have to wind up their affairs, unless re-chartered by the Legislature now in session.

TIGERS IN FLORIDA.—A gentleman residing on the St. John River, Florida, recently killed an old tigress and two half grown tigers, near his door. He also came in sight of the male tiger, but was afraid to shoot him. The tigress measured eleven feet six inches from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail, and would have weighed between three and four hundred pounds.

THE INTRODUCTION OF HORSE-FLESH into the Parisian cuisine has led to a further innovation in the same direction: a society has been formed in Paris for promoting the use of asses' flesh as human food. The Society maintains that it is the "most delicious in existence," and strengthens itself with the reflection that Mæcenas and Cardinal Dupont, both distinguished gourmands, "were passionately fond of the flesh of young asses."

CHARLES SUMNER has been re-elected to the Senate of the United States. The vote of the House stood: For Charles Sumner 333; Scattering 12, divided between Edward Everett, Rufus Choate, Wm. Appleton, and N. J. Lord. The vote of the Senate was unanimous, every member being in his seat.

THE Missouri Legislature has elected the Hon. James S. Green, U. S. Senator from that State for the short term. He is a Democrat, and was elected by the aid of votes from the pro Slavery Whig and American members, in order to prevent the success of Benton.

NEGRO TESTIMONY.—A bill has been introduced to the Legislature of North Carolina to admit negro testimony in cases where white persons are tried for exciting insurrection.

IPECAC AND INTEMPERANCE.—The London Lancet recommends ipecac to those who are breaking off habits of intemperance of drink. It possesses stimulating qualities, but is not at all dangerous.

PREMIUM ON TEETOTALISM.—The Atlanta (Ala.) Intelligencer states that the Western and Atlanta Railroad gives a bonus to such men as agree to abstain from spirituous liquors as a beverage, varying according to their post. ENGINE men receive $37,50; conductors $25; and train hands, firemen, and wood-passers $15 per quarter. Of the employees of the road, seventy-one have agreed to the regulation. The result has been that a remarkable improvement has taken place, not only in the habits and conduct of the men, but a wonderful difference has been made in the actual saving of money on the road.

ZACHARIAH CHANDLER, Republican, has been elected United States Senator in the place of Gen. Cass, for six years from the 4th of March next.

THE number of immigrants at New York last year, was 141,625, with cash means equal to nine million six hundred and forty-two thousand dollars, or $68 for each immigrant.

THE French Government, it is stated, is about to obtain for preservation in the public archives, photographic portraits of all the most eminent men of science or art now living on French soil.

THE Costa Ricans have seized all the steamers of the Transit Company, and put a stop to the transportation of passengers. This step is said to be favored by the British authorities. In consequence of this movement, the James Adger, which arrived on the 9th, was obliged to sail for Aspinwall without landing her passengers.

THE CHINESE SUGAR-CANE SEED.—It is stated in Washington, that the seed is in great demand, and the United States Patent Office will supply the Secretary of each State Agricultural Society with a bushel of sugar-cane seed for distribution among the farmers who will fairly test it, and produce seed for the future use of the State.

THE INDIANS of Southern California are in a very destitute condition, on account of their crops having failed last season, and the streams yielding them no fish. The acorns also have failed them, and unless relief be extended, it is feared they will be driven to robbery and depredation to obtain the means of life.

THE U. S. Agricultural Society met recently at Washington, and elected its officers. Marshal Wilder was re-elected President, and B. Perley Poore, chosen Secretary. Secretary Guthrie's invitation, to hold the next exhibition at Louisville, Kentucky, with the guarantee of a fund of $30,000, was accepted. Resolutions in favor of purchasing Mount Vernon, for an Agricultural University, were discussed and adopted.

THEY are making paper at the South, exclusively of Southern cane or reed, the kind universally used for fishing rods; the article is manufactured in Baltimore county, Maryland, the material is much cheaper than rags, and it is expected that first quality paper will be made from it.

GROCERIES IMPORTED.—The value of the brown sugar imported into the United States, during 1856, was $22,400,353; white, loaf and refined sugar, and molasses, $4,334,668; tea $6,893,091; coffee $21,514,196.

DR. KANE has almost recovered the use of his leg, which was paralyzed, and his arm is commencing to show signs of vitality. He contemplates returning home.

THE Providence Journal is publishing a history of lotteries in Rhode Island, from which it appears that there is scarcely a church or religious society in that State which did not, at some period of its existence, derive advantage from them, however shocking it may appear.

ICE ON VESSELS.—But few people, excepting those accustomed to the sea, have an adequate idea of the difficulties encountered by navigators on reaching our coast in the Winter season. The brig Andrew Peters, of Ellsworth, which arrived at New York, on Saturday, 10th inst., from Cienfuegos, was so covered with ice on the 9th, that she settled by the head fifteen inches, requiring all hands since that time to clear her; in doing which Capt. McFarland estimates that he threw overboard *one hundred tons of ice!*

THE MINNESOTA FUR TRADE.—The total amount of peltries from the Pembina, or Red River region, exported from St. Paul, Minnesota, for 1856, is as follows:—64,292 rats; 8,276 minks; 1,428 martens; 876 foxes; 3,600 coons; 1,045 fishers; 10 wolverines; 864 badgers; 2,032 wolves; 405 otter; 2,542 kit foxes; 610 deer; 20 cross-fox; 8 silver fox; 50 lynx; 7,500 buffalo robes; and 586 pounds of beaver, worth, in the aggregate, about $37,000.

THE SNOW STORM.—WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—A tremendous snow storm commenced here about daylight this morning, and continued without intermission throughout the day and evening. The weather is cold and blustering. No mail has been received from the North to-day—the connection being missed at Baltimore. The railroads are quite impassable. The thermometer this evening, in a sheltered position, stands at 12 degrees above zero. It has been about the same all day.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 18.—Evening.—A terrific snow storm has prevailed here all day and still continues. The cold is intense, and the wind is very violent.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—Evening.—A furious North-East snow storm commenced here this afternoon, and still continues without any abatement.

Jan. 19.—Latest accounts from Washington, Baltimore, and New York, report two foot of snow on a level, and drifts four feet deep. The streets are impassable, and the cold intense.

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURES.

FROM ANDERSSON'S "EXPLORATIONS IN SOUTH-WESTERN AFRICA."

Notwithstanding my anxious desire to reach the Ngami—the goal of my wishes—I determined, before finally leaving Kobis, to devote one more day, or rather night, to the destruction of the denizens of the forest. But the adventure nearly terminated fatally; and the night of the 15th of July, will ever be remembered by me as one of the most eventful epochs of my life; for, in the course of it, I was three several times in the very jaws of death, and only escaped destruction by a miracle.

From the constant persecution to which the larger game had of late been subjected at Kobis, it had become not only scarce, but wary; and hearing that elephants and rhinoceroses still continued to resort to Abeghan, I forthwith proceeded there on the night in question. Somewhat incautiously, I took up my position—alone, as usual—on a narrow neck of land dividing two small pools; the space on either side of my "skarm" being only sufficient for a large animal to stand between me and the water. I was provided with a blanket, and two or three spare guns.

It was one of those magnificent tropical moonlight nights, when an indescribably soft and enchanting light is shed over the slumbering landscape; the moon was so bright and clear that I could discern even a small animal at a considerable distance.

I had just completed my arrangements, when a noise, that I can liken only to the passage of a train of artillery, broke the stillness of the air; it evidently came from the direction of one of the numerous stony paths, or rather tracks, leading to the water, and I imagined it was caused by some wagons that might have crossed the Kalahari. Raising myself partially from my recumbent posture, I fixed my eyes steadily on the part of the bush whence the strange sounds proceeded; but for some time I was unable to make out the cause. All at once, however, the mystery was explained by the appearance of an immense elephant, immediately followed by others, amounting to eighteen. Their towering forms told me at a glance that they were all males. It was a splendid sight to behold so many huge creatures approaching with a free, sweeping, unsuspecting and stately step. The somewhat elevated ground whence they emerged, and which gradually sloped towards the water, together with the misty night air, gave an increased appearance of bulk and mightiness to their naturally giant structures.

Crouching down as low as possible in the "skarm," I waited with beating heart and ready rifle the approach of the leading male, who, unconscious of peril, was making straight for my hiding place. The position of his body, however, was unfavorable for a shot; and, knowing from experience that I had little chance of obtaining more than a single good one, I waited for an opportunity to fire at his shoulder, which, as before said, is preferable to any other part when shooting at night. But this chance, unfortunately, was not afforded till his enormous bulk towered above my head. The consequence was, that, while in the act of raising the muzzle of my rifle over the "skarm," my body caught his eye, and, before I could place the piece to my shoulder, he swung himself round, and, with trunk elevated and ears spread, desperately charged me. It was now too late to think of flight, much less of slaying the savage beast. My own life was in imminent jeopardy; and seeing that, if I remained partially erect, he would inevitably seize me with his proboscis, I threw myself on my back with some violence; in which position, and without shouldering the rifle, I fired upwards at random towards his chest, uttering, at the same time, the most piercing shouts and cries. The change of position, in all human probability, saved my life; for, at the same instant, the trunk of the enraged animal descended precisely on the spot where I had been previously crouched, sweeping away the stones (many of a large size) that formed the fore part of my "skarm," like so many pebbles. In another moment his broad fore-feet passed directly over my face.

I now expected nothing short of being crushed to death. But imagine my relief, when, instead of renewing the charge, he swerved to the left, and moved off with considerable rapidity—most happily without my having received other injuries than a few bruises, occasioned by the falling of the stones. Under Providence, I attribute my extraordinary escape to the confusion of the animal caused by the wound I had inflicted on him, and to the cries elicited from me when in my utmost need.

Immediately after the elephant had left me I was on my legs, and, snatching up a spare rifle lying at hand, I pointed at him, as he was retreating, and pulled the trigger; but, to my intense mortification, the piece missed fire. It was matter of thankfulness to me, however, that a similar mishap had not occurred when the animal charged; for, had my gun not then exploded, nothing, as I conceive, could have saved me from destruction.

During this incident, the rest of the elephants retreated into the bush; but, by the time I had repaired my "skarm," they reappeared with stealthy and cautious steps on the opposite side of the pool, though so distant that I could not fire with any prospect of success. As they did not approach nearer, I attempted to stalk them but they would not allow me to come to close quarters; and after a while moved off altogether.

Whilst pondering over my late wonderful escape, I observed at a little distance, a huge white rhinoceros protrude his ponderous and misshapen head through the bushes, and presently afterwards he approached to within a dozen paces of my ambuscade. His broadside was then fully exposed to view, and, notwithstanding I still felt a little nervous from my conflict with the elephant, I lost no time in firing. The beast did not at once fall to the ground, but from appearance I had every reason to believe he would not live long.

Scarcely had I reloaded when a black rhinoceros of the species Keitloa (a female, as it proved) stood drinking at the water; but her position, as with the elephant in the first instance, was unfavorable for a good shot. As, however, she was very near me, I thought I was pretty sure of breaking her leg, and thereby disabling her; and in this I succeeded. My fire seemed to madden her; she rushed wildly forward on three legs, when I gave her a second shot, though apparently with little or no effect. I felt sorry at not being able to end her sufferings at once; but as I was too well acquainted with the habits of the rhinoceros to venture on pursuing her under the circumstances, I determined to wait patiently for daylight, and then destroy her with the aid of my dogs. But it was not to be.

As no more elephants or other large game appeared, I thought after a time it might be as well to go in search of the white rhinoceros, previously wounded; and I was not long in finding his carcass; for my ball, as I supposed, had caused his almost immediate death.

In heading back to my "skarm," I accidentally took a turn in the direction pursued by the black rhinoceros, and by ill-luck, as the event proved, at once encountered her. She was still on her legs, but her position, as before, was unfavorable. Hoping, however, to make her change it for a better, and thus enable me to destroy her at once, I took up a stone and hurled it at her with all my force; when, snorting horribly, erecting her tail, keeping her head close to the ground, and raising clouds of dust by her feet, she rushed at me with fearful fury. I had only just time to level my rifle and fire before she was upon me—and the next instant, while instinctively turning round for the purpose of retreating, she laid me prostrate. The shock was so violent as to send my rifle, powder-flask, and ball pouch, as also my cap, spinning in the air; the gun, indeed, as afterwards ascertained, to a distance of fully ten feet.

On the beast charging me, it crossed my mind that, unless gored at once by her horn, her impetus would be such (after knocking me down, which I took for granted would be the case) as to carry her beyond me, and I might thus be afforded a chance of escape. So, indeed, it happened; for, having tumbled me over (in doing which her head, and the fore-part of her body, owing to the violence of the charge, was half buried in the sand), and trampled on me with great violence, her fore-quarter passed over my body. Struggling for life, I seized my opportunity, and as she was recovering herself for a renewal of a charge, I scrambled out from between her hind legs.

But the enraged beast had not yet done with me! Scarcely had I regained my feet before she struck me down a second time, and with her horn ripped up my right thigh (though not very deeply) from near the knee to the hip; with her fore-feet, moreover, she hit me a terrific blow on the left shoulder near the back of the neck. My ribs bent under the enormous weight and pressure, and for a moment, I must, as I believe, have lost consciousness—I have at least very indistinct notions of what afterwards took place. All I remember is, that when I raised my head, I heard a furious snorting and plunging among the neighboring bushes.

I now arose, though with great difficulty, and made my way, in the best manner I was able, towards a large tree near at hand, for shelter; but this precaution was needless; the beast, for the time at least, showed no inclination further to molest me. Either in the *melee*, or owing to the confusion caused by her wounds, she had lost sight of me, or she felt satisfied with the revenge she had taken. Be that as it may, I escaped with my life, though sadly wounded and severely bruised, in which disabled state I had great difficulty in getting back to my "skarm."

During the greater part of the conflict I preserved my presence of mind; but after the danger was over, and when I had leisure to collect my scattered and confused senses, I was seized with a nervous affection, causing a violent trembling. I have since killed many rhinoceroses, as well for sport as food; but several weeks elapsed before I could again attack those animals with any coolness.

About sunrise, Kamapyu, my half-caste boy, whom I had left on the preceding evening, about half a mile away, came to the "skarm" to convey my guns and other things to our encampment. In a few words, I related to him the mishap that had befallen me. He listened with seeming incredulity; but the sight of my gashed thigh soon convinced him that I was not in joke.

I afterwards directed him to take one of the guns and proceed in search of the wounded rhinoceros, cautioning him to be careful in approaching the beast, which I had reason to believe was not yet dead. He had only been absent a few minutes, when I heard a cry of distress. Striking my hand against my forehead, I exclaimed—

"Good God! the brute has attacked the lad, also!"

Seizing hold of my rifle, I scrambled through the bushes as fast as my crippled condition would permit; and, when I had proceeded two or three hundred yards, a scene suddenly presented itself that I shall vividly remember to the last days of my existence. Among some bushes, and within a couple of yards of each other, stood the rhinoceros and the young savage; the former supporting herself on three legs, covered with blood and froth, and snorting in the most furious manner; the latter petrified with fear—spell-bound, as it were—and riveted to the spot. Creeping, therefore to the side of the rhinoceros, opposite to that on which the boy was standing, so as to draw her attention from him, I leveled and fired, on which the beast charged wildly to and fro without any distinct object. Whilst she was thus occupied, I poured in shot after shot, but thought she would never fall. At length, however, she sank slowly to the ground; and, imagining that she was in her death agonies, and that all danger was over, I walked unhesitatingly close up to her, and was on the point of placing the muzzle of my gun to her ear to give her the *coup de grace*, when, to my horror, she once more rose on her legs. Taking a hurried aim, I pulled the trigger, and instantly retreated, with the beast in full pursuit. The race, however, was a short one; for, just as I threw myself into a bush for safety, she fell dead at my feet, so near me, indeed, that I could have touched her with the muzzle of my rifle! Another moment, and I should probably have been impaled on her murderous horn, which, though short, was sharp as a razor.

When reflecting on the wonderful and providential escapes I recently experienced, I could not help thinking that I had been spared for some good purpose, and my heart was lifted in humble gratitude to the Almighty, who had thus extended over me His protecting hand.

FRAGMENT.

Low in her tomb my lady lies,
Of gold and sapphires blue;
The gold doth mark her blessedness,
The sapphires mark her true:
For blessedness and truth in her
Were livelily portrayed;
When the dear God, with both his hands,
Her wondrous beauty made,
He made to bless our mortal eyes
The fairest thing in mortal guise
That ever blessed mortal eyes.

To make my lady's obsequies,
My love a minster wrought;
And in the chantry, service there
Was sung by doleful thought.
The tapers were of burning sighs,
That light and odor gave;
And sorrows painted o'er with tears
Illumined her grave;
And round about, in quaintest guise,
Was carved:—"Within this tomb there lies
The fairest thing to mortal eyes."
—*Charles, Duke of Orleans, Fifteenth Century.*

☞ Dancing at the weddings of widows and widowers has been prohibited by the authorities of Wurtzbourg.

FATHER MATHEW.

We take from the Dublin Tablet the following biographical sketch of the late Father Mathew:

As you sail up the Cove of Cork, a tower arrests your eye. It was built by a tradesman of that city in honor of the great Apostle of Temperance in Ireland—Father Mathew, a man whose name is known as far and wide as the English and the Irish tongues are spoken, but with whose history we are not all equally familiar.

Theobald Mathew was born in Thomastown, October 10, 1790. He lost his parents while yet a child, and was adopted by Lady Elizabeth Mathew, who placed him under the tuition of the late Reverend Dennis O'Donnell. At the age of thirteen he was sent to the lay academy of Kilkenny, and seven years later removed to the College of Maynooth, to study for the priesthood. In 1814 he was ordained in Dublin, and sent on a mission to the poor of Cork, where he was indefatigable in the pulpit, and at the sick man's bedside; the time not occupied in the sacred duties he devoted to the poor, and to the management of the temporal concerns of his flock. His kind and sympathizing heart soon gained him the affection of all about him. Those who had no friends appointed him their executor, and for hundreds of such persons he willingly discharged that onerous office. For them he rejoiced "to spend and be spent;" and every day widened his sphere of duty.

He was far from poor, yet his charities were only limited by his means. He purchased the Botanic Gardens at Cork as a cemetery, and opened it, not for Catholics alone, but for all denominations, allowing burial to the poor gratuitously, and devoting the fees received from the wealthier classes to the Cork Infirmary.

We need not here stop to tell our readers that the poor of Ireland are very poor, and that whiskey is very cheap, and that if Irishmen have a fault it is that they have too great an affection for their national beverage. To this wide-spread love of whiskey our countrymen owe half their troubles, public and private. Twenty years ago benevolent Irishmen saw that the moral plague was spreading rather than abating. The late Sir Michael O'Loghlen, who at that time was in Parliament, endeavored to put down the vice by legislation. But he knew not the way to an Irishman's conscience; that way Father Mathew knew far better; he knew that it lay through their hearts and feelings. Some members of the Society of Friends and others who had formed a temperance association at Cork, came to Father Mathew and urged him to join their association, and lend it the benefit of his active aid. "You have got the mission," they said; "it is a mission from God; do not reject it."

He could not refuse such an appeal. He felt that it was from God, and, like Saul of Tarsus, he obeyed the call. For a year and a half he labored, but without result. Such prospects would have disheartened a man who acted on other than the highest motives. At length the movement began; the huge mass of the populace began to perceive the motion, and gradually felt itself swayed along with it. The people began to renounce their accustomed beverage; first by tens, then by hundreds, and ere long by thousands.—In the Horse Bazaar, at Cork, Father Mathew held his temperance meetings twice a week. The most obdurate drunkards enrolled their names. His fame began to travel along the banks of the Shannon; crowds flocked to his standard at Kilrush, and throughout Kerry and Limerick, till at last, in August, 1839, the long-stifled ashes broke out into open flame. This was at Limerick, whither he had gone to preach for charity, at the request of the Bishop, Dr. Ryan, and where he received a communication from Mr. Fitzgerald, the Mayor of Limerick, entreating his intervention. The people no sooner heard that "Father Mathew" was in Limerick, than they poured into the city in thousands. The streets were so crowded, and so great the rush of temperance postulants, that the iron railings opposite the houses where he was staying were carried away, and a number of persons thrown headlong into the Shannon. A contemporary account says that "some of the Scots Grays, who attended to keep order, *were lifted, with their horses, from the ground*, and borne on by the rushing multitudes, who were so densely packed that some persons, cleverer than the rest, ran along quietly and securely on the heads and shoulders of the crowd."

To trace the progress of Father Mathew's triumphs over drunkenness would be impossible in the brief space that we can devote to this sketch. It is enough to state that nearly the same scene occurred at Waterford, Lismore, Ennis, Clonmel, Thurles, Cashel, Templemore, Castlecomer, and Parsonstown. At the latter place not merely were the police compelled to be on the spot to keep order, but the Rifles were stationed outside the chapel on bended knees, with their bayonets fixed and pointed, forming a barrier against the rushing multitude, while within and without, to keep the avenues and the passages clear, a troop of cavalry moved up and down in slow and measured pace, the voices of the crowd producing in the distance a deep indistinct sound, like the swelling murmur of the sea. "Within the vicarial residence," says the same account, "and in strong contrast to the stirring scene without, sat the mild, unassuming, but extraordinary man round whom had collected this display of martial pomp and numerical force."

To give our readers some idea of the extent of this extraordinary impulse communicated to the public mind by a single missionary, we may add the following statistics of Father Mathew's success: "In one day, at Nenagh, 20,000 persons took the pledge; at Galway, in two days, 100,000; at Loughrea, in two days, 80,000; and on the road to Portumna from 180,000 to 200,000 more. His least success seems to have been in Dublin, where his converts in five days numbered only 70,000 souls. There are few places of importance in Ireland which Father Mathew has not visited, and with proportionate results. In 1844, he visited England, and the enthusiasm with which he was received in London and other great cities, and the thousands who hastened to receive the pledge, testify equally to the need and progress of the remedy.

His labors were most disinterested. By his efforts in the cause of temperance he well-nigh reduced to bankruptcy his nearest relative, a distiller in the south of Ireland. His private resources, which at one time were large, were soon absorbed by the sacrifices which he was compelled to make in the cause of temperance. He even became oppressed with debts, and we understand that a very large portion of the life pension of £300 a year, settled on him by her Majesty, was devoted to the payment of insurances on his life to an amount sufficient to secure his creditors. He died at Cork, on the 9th of December last—being over 66 years of age. His funeral was attended by an exceedingly great concourse.

A GHOST STORY.

During one of our annual visits to Marston Manor, we were all assembled one evening round a magnificent fire in the library. It was a true winter-day; outside

The wind and rain beat dark December;

and in the hush which had gradually fallen over the party, the sobbing of the wind, and dash of the rain-drops against the huge panes of glass, were mournfully audible. Portia Marston, whose buoyant spirit always rebelled against gloom, spoke first.

"We are as dull as dreaming opium-eaters this afternoon. Let us do something to amuse ourselves till the dressing bell rings."

"What shall it be?" was the question. "Shall we tell stories?"

"Of course," clapping her hands in delight, "every one shall contribute her or his memories of life. *Some* remarkable incident must have happened to everybody. Mademoiselle"—turning to a French lady who sat next her—"your face has an expression that convinces me you *can* a tale unfold, if you will. Please begin."

Mademoiselle protested at first that story-telling was not her *forte*, and that she would rather take the *role* of a good listener; but her objections were overruled by the united voices of her companions, and at length she complied, and related to us the following incident of her early life, assuring us of its truth:

My father and mother were, as you well know, of that ancient French aristocracy who suffered for their king and church in the terrible Revolution. They were both children of emigrants; and when their families were restored, with the Bourbons, they were married to each other by their parents' desire. But, like your own cavaliers, the once wealthy *noblesse* of France never fully recovered the possessions they had lost. We were very poor; and it was consequently with a great deal of pleasure that my father read a letter from an old aunt of his own, who was rich and childless, offering to make me her heiress, if, on acquaintance, she should like me. I was to be sent to her as soon as possible; and if she approved of my manners and disposition, I was to reside with her, as her adopted daughter, till her death. I cannot say *I* was at all pleased at the idea of leaving that dear Paris, and entombing myself in an old chateau; but—*que faire?*—it was the will of my parents, and I might not dispute it. I was consequently despatched with all convenient speed to my ancient relative, and arrived safely, after rather a tedious journey, at her house, having been escorted thither by a gentleman who was her neighbor, on his return home. It was *such* an old house—built, they said, by Vauban; and certainly there were traces of fortification about it. The domestics looked as if they had waited on Noah, and survived the Deluge. One of these antiquities ushered me into my aunt's presence. She was seated in an immense saloon, near a stove—for it was cold—and had, like her apartment, a certain air of faded grandeur. She retained the dress of the court-days of Louis Seize; her hair was dressed *a la Marie Antoinette*, and she was highly rouged. She received me with an expression of sensibility that rather entertained than touched me, seeing she had so long ignored my existence and that of my father.

After her embraces and welcomes were ended, she turned and introduced me to an old lady who sat near her, bending over an embroidery-frame. It was Madame de Bernis, her friend and *dame de campagnie*. She was a great deal older than my aunt, and had a terrible face; it haunts my dreams sometimes even now. Her nose and chin nearly met; her cheeks were sunken, her hair white as snow; she also was highly rouged, and the color gave a false lustre to a large pair of cold faded blue eyes, which once seen could never be forgotten.

"Madame de Bernis," said my aunt, in a low voice, "has been my faithful companion for thirty years; if she were not so much older than myself, I should have left her my fortune, but it is quite unlikely that she should survive me. You need not look at me so wonderingly. In addition to her many infirmities, she is deaf, and hears not a word we say."

Supper was now announced, and when the meal was finished, my aunt asked me if I would not like to go to bed, as I must be tired with my journey.

"I hope you are not timid," she said, as she bade me good-night; "I like courage even in a young girl. However, your room is separated from mine only by the picture-gallery, and you can come to me if you feel alarmed."

Now, by character, I *am* very timid, though at the moment I did not like to avow it, and my transit from my aunt's chamber, through a gallery of staring, faded portraits, did not tend to encourage me. The room destined for my own occupation was a large one, entirely hung round with mirrors. Whichever way I turned, I beheld a shadow mimic the movement on the walls, which became so painful to me, that I hurried into bed, although the couch, placed in an alcove, looked so dark and solemn after my little Paris bed, that I had at first shrunk from it.

I had been asleep about an hour or two, when a slight rustling noise awoke me. I looked up, and to my horror saw my aunt's dame de compagnie, Madame de Bernis, sitting beside the bed. Her cold, still eyes were fixed on me, looking, if possible, more ghastly than by day, and in her hand she held a very bright clasp-knife, open. I was so terrified I could neither speak nor move, but lay watching her, whilst *she* never took her eyes off me. Every now and then she passed her finger along the edge of the knife, as if to feel if it were sharp enough, then muttering "Pas encore," let it drop again on her lap.

Mes amies, I cannot tell you half my fear. Nothing in the whole course of my after-life has ever equalled the horror of that hour. I thought a prayer; I could not utter a sound, not even a cry for help. So passed a period of time which seemed to me an eternity. At length once more muttering "Pas encore," she rose, descended from the alcove, and disappeared in the large dark chamber; for my night-light sufficed only to enlighten the recess. I fainted. When I recovered my senses, it was daylight; the cold, gray dawn was stealing through the jalousies; I shivered, and felt so ill, I could scarcely move. At legth my aunt's *femme de chambre* came to assist at my morning toilet, and I told her all my night's misery. She smiled incredulously, and observed that

"Mademoiselle must have had a disagreeable dream. There was no entrance or egress from her room, save through madame's, and Madame de Bernis slept in the other wing of the chateau, and was very lame."

Her words could not, however, convince me against the evidence of my senses. At breakfast I told my aunt everything; but she also refused to believe it was anything but a dream, "a fancy, an indigestion."

A gloom possessed my mind the whole day. Naturally, I was *enjouee* and amusing; I was now absent, sad and dull. Madame de Vergnier, my aunt, did not find her boudoir greatly enlivened by her young guest. She did her best, good lady, to divert my mind, but one does not easily recover from such a shock of the nerves.

It was with inexpressible horror I saw night approach; and at length, unable to bear the idea of sleeping alone again, I supplicated my aunt to let her maid stay with me all night. She seemed a little vexed and discomposed at the request, but assented to it nevertheless; and Agathe, a pretty, nice mannered brunette, was to be my companion for the nonce.

I fell asleep, tolerably confident of safety; but awoke again at the same hour, to behold once more that terrible apparition—again that cold, gray glance—again that glittering knife—again that hissing murmur of "Pas encore." In an agony of horror, I shook the girl sleeping beside me.

"Look, look, Agathe! she is there!"

The aroused sleeper rubbed her eyes, yawned heavily, and then looking lazily round, exclaimed:

"Well, who is there, mademoiselle?"

I pointed in horror to the old woman. She replied, in answer to the gesture:

"I see nobody."

Could it be possible! I passed my hand over my eyes; when I removed it she was gone, and, overpowered by the conviction that I had beheld a visitant from the world of spirits, I fell into a violent fit of hysterics. Agathe went and called my aunt, and related all she knew of the cause of my seizure. Madame de Vergnier was astonished, and even angry.

"The child must be a *folle*," she said. "Madame de Bernis was alive; it could not, therefore be her ghost. She could not tell what was to be done."

I was too ill to leave my bed till late in the day, and I need scarcely tell you how I dreaded returning to it. I entreated my aunt to let me sleep in some other room, and though she was vexed at the trouble and disarrangement, she permitted it, and assigned me a dressing-room outside her own room, but not opening into it.

It was small, comfortable-looking, and reminded me of my own little chamber in the Rue de la Fermes des Matthurins. I hoped that here, at least, I should be at peace. But no! About midnight, that awful rustling of silk awoke me, and once more my eyes opened upon the cold gray eyes and the glittering steel; once more I heard that awful whisper, "Pas encore."

Then came that long, horrid watch of both of us, followed, on my part—when again she disappeared—by a sort of delirium. Under its influence, I rose as soon as it was dawn, dressed myself, and stole down stairs. An old porter had just opened the hall-door; I brushed hastily past him, ran down the steps, and hurried up the avenue. I have no recollection of what followed till I found myself in a strange room and in another house. A nurse was sitting by the bedside, and a table with medicine bottles, &c., testified to the fact that I had been very ill. I fancied I had had a horrid dream, and asked my attendant where I was, and where mamma was.—She uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure, and went out of the room.

In a few minutes she returned with my mother, who shed tears of delight over me as she embraced me. After a time, I learned from them that I had been found insensible on the steps of my fellow-traveller's door, and recognizing me, he had brought me in, and sent for a doctor. The physician had found me delirious, and pronounced me in a brain fever; from which I had just recovered, though every one had despaired of my life. My parents had been sent for by my aunt, as soon as she heard of my escape and discovery; and she told them I had given symptoms of the approaching disease by fancying that I was haunted by her old dame de compagnie. My mother added that I had never ceased crying out, during the period of my delirium, "Pas encore."

With a profound shudder, I heard the words, and recalled my past mental sufferings. I related my tale to mamma, and—judge of my distress and annoyance—she heard it as the ravings of returning delirium, or the vision of a troubled brain! In addition to the torture I had endured I had to support the mortification of being heard with incredulity.

"But was it really only a delirium?" asked Portia.

You shall hear. My aunt, when I recovered, showed no wish for a renewal of my visit; nor would all the gold of Mexico have induced me to sleep beneath her roof again; therefore, my parents took me back to Paris, under the impression that my chance of being a rich heiress was ended.

Three years afterwards, came another letter from Madame de Vergnier; she wrote to apologize for my sufferings, and at the same time to acknowledge their reality. Madame de Bernis was dead, and when in *extremis*, had sent for her benefactress, and confessed that she had actually sat beside my bed, night after night, in hopes of terrifying me away, and becoming herself my aunt's heiress. She had bribed the femme de chambre to take part in this nefarious plot, which might have destroyed either my life or reason, and now repented of it, and implored forgiveness. Madame de Vergnier was much shocked; she confronted the maid with the dying woman, and fully ascertained the truth of the confession. The woman had been dismissed without a character, and Madame de Bernis was gone to answer for her crime at a higher tribunal. We were all invited now to the chateau, and accepted the invitation. I was a little nervous the first night, but I got over it after a time, and we were all very happy together. Madame de Vergnier left me her fortune; but I think I paid a fearful price to win it. For many a year afterwards, I could never hear without a shudder those (to me) awful words, "Pas encore!"

A BRILLIANT ROMANCE.

SARY TOMPKINS.

BY LIEUT. A. BRICK, B. A. R.
(*Bare footed Ranger.*) *Author of "The Spectre Swill-tub," "The Last of the Pullywogs," "The Haunted Beer-Barrel," &c.*

CHAPTER I.

THE COUNT.

Deep night in New York! Night, to the high and lowly—the vicious and the wretched—to all, was it deep night! The gas-lamps threw a pale and sickly light upon the now almost vacated streets—for it was deep night! Now and then a vigilant watchman crawled out of his favorite drinking-saloon, though not very often, to see that nobody had carried off the city! (The author intends this as a joke, and the reader is requested to laugh.)

In a fashionable oyster-saloon on Five Points, in a stall, sat two men. One was the Count Alfred de Flunkey—the other, Henry Podgers, son of old Podgers, a wealthy retired clam merchant. The Count de Flunkey was apparently between twenty-eight years old. He was dressed in armor, wore a military cap, with feathers, and his feet were encased in russet boots. His companion, Podgers, was about nineteen. He wore a new suit of ready-made clothing, a white hat, cloth pumps, and—in a word—his appearance spoke the man of fashion. The ordinarily handsome and ingenuous countenance of the Count de Flunkey was now covered with a frown. He was abstracted. At length, bringing his clenched fist down upon the table with tremendous force, the Count cried:

"By Heaven, Sary Tompkins must be mine! Ho! without, there! Bring ten cents' worth of gin!"

The gin was brought.

It was drank!

And the Count, telling the bar-keeper to "charge it," left the saloon arm-in-arm with his friend, the young and accomplished Podgers.

CHAPTER II.

SARY TOMPKINS.

Fifth Avenue! Time, night. Scene, Tompkins, the retired lobster dealer's, princely mansion. Bright the gas-lamps shone over fair women and brave men (this expression is original with the author), and all went merry as several marriage bells. The spacious and gorgeously furnished drawing-rooms of the princely Tompkins were thronged with the beauty and chivalry of Fifth Avenue. Like a pure diamond amidst trinkets of brass, shone Sary Tompkins. The pen refuses its office. And the author must content himself by remarking that she was supremely beautiful. How truly and beautifully has Keats said:

"It's a tarnal hard thing to describe a lovely woman!"

"Count Alfred de Flunkey!" cried a servant in livery.

The Count entered. A smile lit up his noble countenance. Bowing with exquisite grace the assembled *elite*, he advanced with lord strides, towards his betrothed, Sary Tompkins.

The merry night sped on. The silver-winged hours flew by. Still the brilliant assembly at Tompkin's remained. The best of feeling prevailed. Wit, sentiment, beauty and chivalry crowned the glowing hours. But, oh, hark The bell rings. A huge man, with a fiery nose, enters the "marble halls" of Tompkins. In a voice of thunder, he cries:

"Ladies an' gen'l'men, I'm a perliceman an' nothin' shorter, an' I'll ax ye if Count de Flunkey is in this 'ere august 'sembly. 'Cause if he is, I'm ordered to arrest 'im, unless he immejitly squares up his wash-bill with Mrs. Bridget O'Flanigin."

"Fellow, away! Slave, avaunt!" cried the Count de Flunkey, in a voice hoarse with passion.

Tompkins was bewildered. At length he became highly indignant. He tore his hair and foamed at the mouth. He then with a terrible jerk, tore off both of his coat-tails, and danced with rage, like a Tuscarora savage. Rushing to the Count, he yelled—

"Viper, and this from you? Dog—poltroon—puppy—ain't ye ashamed of yerself?"

With a cry of despair, Sary now rushed forward. Raising herself up to her full height, she said—

"Policeman! How much is this bill?"

"Two dollars and twenty-seven cents, if yer please mum."

"Then, there—there is the sum—take it, and away—away!"

And Sary threw the money at the policeman's feet, and fell into a swoon. She was pulled out by three servants in livery and the policeman.

Tompkins was an attentive spectator to this heart-rending spectacle. Tompkins had a heart. Thirty years' intimate association with lobsters had not entirely crushed the finer feelings in his bosom. Tompkins was affected. He wept. Suddenly starting up, he bounded like a gazelle towards Count Alfred de Flunkey.

"Come to my arms, my noble feller," cried Tompkins, and the Count was locked in his (Tompkins's) arms.

It was a moving spectacle. Some of the guests were moved to tears, while others moved to the ante-room, where the brandy and sugar were.

Now it was that Sary shone forth with singular brilliancy. Rushing forward toward her father and the Count, she said—

[This is all of this intensely interesting story that will be published in this paper. The remainder may be found in the *Flashy*, published at the remarkably low price of $2,00 a year. The *Flashy* is a tremendous paper. It circulates 3,000,000 copies (more or less) weekly. Corncob writes for it. Brick writes for it. Wiggins writes for it. Biggins writes for it—so does Spriggins. The *Flashy* may be obtained at all the corner groceries. The next chapter of this story (Sary Tompkins) will inform the reader what Sary said—also what the Count de Flunkey said—and also, what *she said then*.]—*Toledo (Ohio) Commercial.*

PRETTY CUSTOM OF THE POLISH GIRLS.—At Warsaw, the annual fete of "floating crowns" was recently celebrated, and it attracted, as usual, a large crowd of spectators of all classes. It consists in the young girls of the city carrying wreaths of roses, decked with ribbons, to the Vistula, casting them into the river, and watching them as they are carried away by the current. The manner in which they are borne along by the waters is supposed to predict the future destiny of those to whom they belong, and accordingly the girls make demonstrations of joy or sorrow. A somewhat similar practice is prevalent among the young girls of India.

THE NEW BELISARIUS.

INSCRIBED TO THE U. S. SENATE.

(Now in debate on the "Lieut.-General Bill."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

[After the death of Athalaric the Goth, Belisarius, General of the Emperor Justinian, was sent with an army into Italy. He marched to the gates of Rome, possessed himself of that city, and with five thousand men undertook to defend it against one hundred thousand Ostrogoths, who besieged him. After various successes, the Goths themselves, filled with admiration of the character of Belisarius, requested him to accept the crown of Italy; but that generous and heroic man refused the offer of the kingdom; incapable of betraying the interests of his sovereign, though he had repeatedly experienced his ingratitude. After the return of Belisarius to Byzantium, he suffered injury and neglect at the hands of those he had served, and at length, in his blind, old age, was reduced to beg his bread in the market place.—*Tytler's Roman History.*]

Not in vain the deep-eyed Dreamer dwells amid the lore of Eld:
Therein reads he mystic meanings from the waking world withheld.
Catacombed in white tradition, sepulchred in mouldy myth,
Sees he shapes of mien familiar—antesbades of living kith:
Sees he gray, historic swathings from their mummied dust unrolled—
Casts the Future's dim revealings, hieroglyph'd in every fold,
'Till he twins the Past and Present—weds in one the New and Old!

Prophets walk the tracks of prophets—sages delve in sages' graves;
Leaders grasp the skirts of leaders—slaves are but the heirs of slaves.
Still the loathsome Scarabeus (type of Egypt's golden greed!)
Creeps o'er fanes and crawls in coffins, sacred to the modern creed.
So, the hard-sight, streaming backward, scans the dim, historic page,
Sees the grand and lordly phantoms sweep their old chivalric stage,
And beholds them but foreshadows, multiplied through every age.

I behold an ancient soldier, marching from the Thracian lands;
In his path, like gathering tempests, swarm the Ostrogothic bands:
At his back a single legion, in his front the countless foe,
By Byzantium's western portals I behold the chief outgo.
Proud his mein, and stern his bearing, but his brow is red with shame,
For he knows that, while he battleth for the ancient Roman name,
False are hearts he leaves behind him, false the tongues that keep his fame.

Seven cohorts wield the javelin, seven squadrons draw the rein:
Scythians bearing Roman bucklers, Parthians striding steeds of Spain. (1)
Belisarius! ancient soldier! I behold thy meteor-sword
Rive the cloudy front of battle—amits in twain the Gothic horde.
Belisarius! I behold thee o'er Italia's border tramp—
Through the broad and green Campagna, through the old Prætorian camp,
Till the gates of Roma jar backward, shaken by thy courser's stamp!

Then from seven-crested empire—from the walls of mighty Rome—
Behold thee, Belisarius! gazing backward to thy home:
Gazing backward toward Byzantium, where a trustless master dwells,
Where his bastard lords belie thee, and no tongue the lie repels—
And I hear thy high heart surging, with its proud and angry swells

By thy feet the foe is bending, and thine eyes are gazing down
O'er a hundred thousand Gothmen, offering thee Italia's crown;
And a hundred warlike nations swarming from the tented field,
Clust'ring round thee, rude with homage, all their wild allegiance yield,
And they swear, by Thor and Odin! thou shalt tread the kingly shield! (2)

"Belisarius! be our Leader! we will gird thee with our swords—
"Leave behind thy king Justinian, and his false Byzantine lords!
"Belisarius! be our Chiefmain! we will make thee King of Rome!
"On our brazen shields we'll throne thee, high as Capitolian dome,
"And we'll build thee, Belisarius! in our Gothic hearts a home!"

Glorious patriot! I behold thee, waving back the wondering crowd,
While thy voice in lofty clearness climbs above their murmurs loud:
"I am soldier of Justinian. Love for me he may not bear,
"But the fruits of Roman conquest none but he hath right to share!
"Be the diadem Justinian's!—I mine iron helmet wear!"

Then from Rome to false Byzantium I behold the hero march—
But no grateful king in welcome rears the conqu'ror's triumph arch:
Belisarius! I behold him—but no helm is on his head!
Bow'd with age, and blind with sorrow, through the markets slowly led,
In the streets of proud Byzantium, Belisarius begs his bread!

Said I that the Past foreshadowed all the soul of Present things?
Said I that the present's Real all the old Ideal brings?
Shall our own brave Belisarius, who, in blaze of bright renown,
Spurned, amid the Mexic legions, Montezuma's golden crown—
Shall an beg, through our Byzantium, ere in death he lyeth down?

Notes.—(1) The force with which Belisarius marched against the Ostrogoths, consisted of a single legion, of five or six thousand soldiers, mercenaries of every description, hastily levied for the expedition. The march of General Scott through Mexico, the cabals which he left at Washington, the admiration extorted from enemies, and the offer of Mexicans to place him at the head of their Government, present historic parallels between the American and Roman heroes, which are extremely curious. But, for the honor of our country, the likeness should here cease.

(2) The Goths inaugurated a newly-elected king by carrying him about the camp, standing upon a shield, which they sustained on their shoulders.

A Russian Legend.—St. Nicholas is one of the most popular and most considered of the Russian saints, and the late Czar probably owed no small portion of his immense influence to the fact of his bearing the same name as that saint of high renown. Touching St. Nicholas, there is a ludicrous tradition current among the Russian peasantry, to the effect that he once had a theological dispute with Martin Luther, and that they agreed to settle it by a walking-match. It was to be so many hundred versts up a mountain, and neither party was to have any assistance beyond a stout walking-staff. For once the Protestant champion was victorious, for St. Nicholas was thoroughly blown before he had accomplished half the journey. The detested heretic came back triumphant, but with empty hands. "Where's your walking-stick, dog's son?" cried the good St. Nicholas. "An't please you, I ate it," answered his opponent. The wary Doctor Martin Luther had had a walking-stick constructed of good black-puddings twisted together, and had eaten as he walked—the creature comforts giving him such bodily strength that he had easily overcome his antagonist.—*F. Sala.*

BOLD WORDS BY A BACHELOR.

It occurs to me that, while great stress is laid in ordinary books and ordinary talk on the personal interest which a man has himself, and on the family interest which his near relations have also, in his marrying an affectionate and sensible woman, sufficient importance has not been attached to the interest of another sort, which the tried and worthy friends of his bachelor days ought to feel, and, for the most part, do feel, in his getting a good wife. It really and truly depends upon her, in more cases than I should like to enumerate, whether her husband's friendships are to be continued, after his marriage, in all their integrity, or are only to be maintained as a mere social form. It is hardly necessary for me to repeat—but I will do so, in order to avoid the slightest chance of misconstruction—that I am here speaking only of the worthiest, the truest, the longest-tried friends of a man's bachelor days. Towards these every sensible married woman feels, as I believe, that she owes a duty for her husband's sake. But, unfortunately, there are such female phenomena in the world as fond wives and devoted mothers, who are anything rather than sensible women the moment they are required to step out of the sphere of their conjugal and maternal instincts. Women of this sort have an unreasonable jealousy of their husbands in small things; and on the misuse of their influence to serve the interests of that jealousy, lies but too often the responsibility of severing such friendships as no man can hope to form for the second time in the course of his life. By the severing of friendships, I do not mean the breaking off of all intercourse, but the fatal changing of the terms on which a man lives with his friend—the casting of the first slight shadow which alters the look of the whole prospect. It is astonishing by what a multitude of slight threads the firm continuity of brotherly regard is maintained. Many a woman has snapped asunder all the finer ligaments which once connected her husband and his friend; and has thought it enough if she left the two still attached by the coarser ties which are at the common disposal of all the world. Many a woman—delicate, affectionate, and kind within her own narrow limits—has committed that heavy social offence, and has never felt afterwards a single pang of pity or remorse.

These bold words will be unpopular enough, I am afraid, with certain readers; but I am an old bachelor, and I must have license to speak the crabbed truth. I respect and admire a good husband and father, but I cannot shake off the equally sincere reverence that I feel for a good friend; and I must be allowed to tell some married ladies—what Society ought to tell them a little oftener—that there are other affections, in this world, which are noble and honorable, besides those of conjugal and parental origin. It may be an assertion of a very shocking and unexpected kind, but I must nevertheless be excused for saying, that some of the best wives and mothers in the land have given the heart-ache to some of the best friends. While they have been behaving like patterns of conjugal propriety, they have been estranging men who would once have gone to the world's end to serve each other. I, as a single man, can say nothing of the dreadful wrench—not the less dreadful because it is inevitable—when a father and mother lose a daughter, in order that a lover may gain a wife. But I can speak feelingly of the shock of losing a dear friend, in order that a bride may gain a devoted husband. Nothing shall ever persuade me (possibly because I am not married) that there is not a flaw of some sort in the love for a wife which is made complete, in some people's eyes, by forced contributions from the love which belongs to a friend. I know that a man and woman who make a happy marriage have gained the summit of earthly felicity; but do they never reach that enviable eminence without having trampled underfoot something venerable, or something tender by the way?

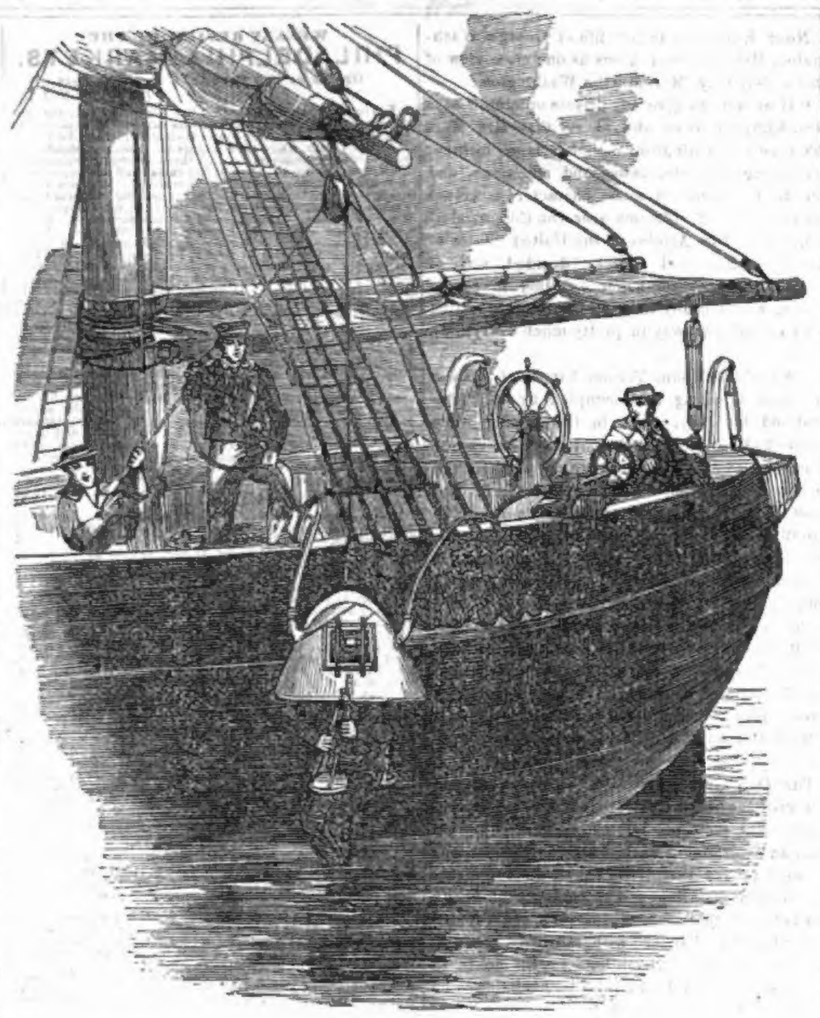
Bear with me, indignant wives—bear with me, if I recall the long-past time when one of the handsomest women I ever saw, took my dearest friend away from me, and destroyed, in one short day, the whole pleasant edifice that we two had been building up together since we were boys at school. I shall never be as fond of any human being again, as I was of that one friend, and, until the beautiful woman came between us, I believe there was nothing in this world that he would not have sacrificed and have done for me. Even while he was courting, I kept my hold on him. Against opposition on the part of his bride and her family, he stipulated bravely that I should be his best man on the wedding-day. The beautiful woman grudged me my one small corner in his heart, even at that time; but he was true to me—he persisted—and I was the first to shake hands with him when he was a married man. I had no suspicion then that I was to lose him from that moment. I only discovered the truth when I went to pay my first visit to the bride and bridegroom at their abode in the country. I found a beautiful house, exquisitely kept from top to bottom; I found a hearty welcome; I found a good dinner and an airy bedroom; I found a pattern husband and a pattern wife: the one thing I did not find was my old friend. Something stood up in his clothes, shook hands with me, pressed wine on me, called me by my Christian name, and inquired what I was doing in my profession. It was certainly something that had a trick of looking like my former comrade and brother; something that nobody in my situation could have complained of with the smallest reason; something with all the brightness of the old metal about it, but without the sterling old ring; something, in short, which made me instinctively take my chamber-candlestick early on the first night of my arrival, and say good-night while the beautiful woman and pattern wife was present to keep her eye on me. Can I ever forget the language of that eye on that occasion!—the volumes it spoke in one glance of cruel triumph! "No more sacred secrets between you two," it said, brightly. "When you trust him now, you must trust me. You may sacrifice yourself for your love of him over and over again still, but he shall make no sacrifices now for you, until he has first found out how they affect my convenience and my pleasure. Your place in his heart now, is where I choose it to be. I have stormed the citadel, and I will bring children by-and-by to keep the ramparts; and you, the faithful old soldier of former years—you have got your discharge, and may sit and sun yourself as well as you can at the outer gates. You have been his truest friend, but he has another now, and need trouble you no longer, except in the capacity of witness of his happiness. This, you will observe, is in the order of nature, and in the recognised fitness of things; and he hopes you will see it—and so do I. And he trusts you will sleep well under his (and my) new roof—and so do I. And he wishes you good-night—and so do I!"

Many, many years have passed since I first learned these hard truths; but I can never forget the pang that it cost me to get them by heart at a moment's notice. My old friend lives still—that is to say, I have an intimate acquaintance, who asks me to all his dinners, and who made me godfather to one of his children; but the brother of my love, who died to me on the day when I paid him the marriage visit, has never come back to life since that time. On the altar at which we two once sacrificed, the ashes lie cold. A model husband and father has risen from them, and that result is, I suppose, the only one that any third person has a right to expect. It may be so; but, to this day, I cannot help thinking that the beautiful woman would have done better if she could have made a fond husband without at the same time marring a good friend.

Readers will, I am afraid, not be wanting, who will be inclined to tell me that the lady to whom I have been referring, only asserted the fair privilege that was hers by right of marriage; and that my sense of injury springs from the unjustifiable caprice and touchy selfishness of an old bachelor. Without attempting to defend myself, I may at least be allowed to inquire into the lady's motive for using her privilege—or, in plainer terms, for altering the relations in which my friend and I had stood towards one another since boyhood. Her idea, I presumed to have been, that, if I preserved my old footing with her husband, I should be taking away some part of his affection that belonged to her. According to my idea of it, she was taking away something which had belonged to me, and which no effort on her part could afterwards convert to her own use. It is hard to make some women understand that a husband's heart—let him be ever so devoted and affectionate—has vacant places in it which they can never hope to fill. It is a house in which they and their children, naturally and properly, occupy all the largest apartments and supply all the prettiest furniture; but there are spare rooms which they cannot enter, which are reserved all through the lease of life for inevitable guests of some sort from the world outside. It is better to let in the old friend than some of the substituted visitors, who are sure, sooner or later, to enter where there are rooms ready for them, by means of pass-keys obtained without the permission of the permanent tenants. Am I wrong in making such assertions as these? I should be willing enough to think it probable—being only a bachelor—if my views were based on mere theory. But my opinions, such as they are, have been formed with the help of proofs and facts. I have met with bright examples of wives who have strengthened their husband's friendships as they never could have been strengthened except under the influence of a woman's care, employed in the truest, the tenderest, the most delicate way. I have seen men rescued from the bad habits of half a lifetime by the luck of keeping faithful friends who were the husbands of sensible wives. It is a very trite and true remark that the deadliest enmities between men have been occasioned by women. It is not less certain—though it is a far less widely-accepted truth—that some (I wish I could say many) of the strongest friendships have been knit most closely by women's helping hands.

The real fact seemed to be, that the general idea of the scope and purpose of the Institution of Marriage is a miserably narrow one. The same senseless prejudice which lead some people, when driven to extremes, to the practical confession (though it may not be made in plain words,) that they would rather see murder committed under their own eyes, than approve of any project for obtaining a law of divorce which shall be equal in its operation on husbands and wives of all ranks, who cannot live together, is answerable also for the mischievous error in principle of narrowing the practice of the social virtues, in married people, to themselves and their children. A man loves his wife—which is, in other words, loving himself—and loves his offspring, which is equivalent to saying that he has the natural instincts of humanity; and, when he has gone thus far, he has asserted himself as a model of all the virtues of life, in the estimation of some people. In my estimation, he has only begun with the best virtues, and has others yet to practice before he can approach to the standard of a socially complete man. Can there be a lower idea of Marriage than the idea which makes it, in fact, an institution for the development of selfishness on a large and respectable scale? If I am not justified in using the word selfishness, tell me what character a good husband presents (viewed plainly as a man) when he goes out into the world, leaving all his sympathies in his wife's boudoir, and all his affections up-stairs in the nursery, and giving to his friends such shreds and patches of formal recognition, in place of true love and regard, as consist in asking them to an occasional dinner-party, and granting them the privilege of presenting his children with silver mugs? He is a model of a husband, the ladies will say. I dare not contradict them; but I should like to know whether he is also a model of a friend?

No, no! Bachelor as I am, I have a higher idea of Marriage than this. The social advantages which it is fitted to produce ought to extend beyond one man and one woman, to the circle of society amid which they move. The light of its beauty must not be shut up within the four walls which enclose the parents and the family, but must flow out into the world, and shine upon the childless and the solitary, because it has warmth enough and to spare, and because it may make them, even in their way, happy too. I began these few lines by asking sympathy and attention for the interest which a man's true friends have, when he marries, in his choosing a wife who will let them be friends still, who will even help them to mingling in closer brotherhood, if help they need. I lay down the pen, suggesting to some ladies—affectionately suggesting, if they will let me use the word, after some of the bold things I have said—that it is in their power to deprive the bachelor of the sole claim he has left to social recognition and pre-eminence, by making married men what many of them are, and what more might be—the best and truest friends that are to be found in the world.—*Household Words.*



IMPROVED PATENT DIVING APPARATUS.

[See Article.]

WAITING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ALICE CARY.

I dreamed I had a plot of ground,
Once when I chanced asleep to drop,
And that a green hedge fenced it round,
Cloudy with roses at the top.

I saw a hundred mornings rise—
So far a little dream may reach,—
And Spring with Summer in her eyes
Making the chiefest charm of each.

Along the hedge that fenced me round,
A thousand gadding vines ran wide,
But when I pulled them toward the ground,
The flowers dropt off the other side.

So I grew weary of the morns—
Of the glad Spring-times weary grew,
And pressed my cheek against the thorns
To hear what voices whispered through.

I heard, and waking knew the signs
My dream had shown—and since, my powers
I give to dress and keep my vines,
Waiting in patience for the flowers.

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AN OFFICER OF THE NORTH PACIFIC SURVEYING AND EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

OLA.

The day after our successful race against time and a flood tide, as related in my last letter, we once more got up our anchor, and steamed along the west coast of Kamtschatka. The gulf of Penjinks was now opening before us, and we ran up into it as high as latitude 61 deg. 20 min. N.; having carried our coast line that far, we turned upon our keel and retraced our way back to the edge of the Ochotsk Sea, when we stretched over for the east coast of Siberia.

Upon making this latter on the following day, we again took up the survey of those unknown shores, and carried it along as far as a village, the name of which stands at the head of this letter. It was the second settlement that we had fallen in with; that near the coal mines being accounted the first.

We let go our anchor off Ola on the morning of the 17th of August, hoping to obtain a supply of cattle, vegetables, and a day's recreation; for we had been told of this village by a wandering whaler, who said that he had once found fish, milk and beef in abundance there, as well as a moderate supply of vegetables. He also told us that the people were totally unacquainted with the value of money, and that we could trade with them to great advantage, by drawing largely upon the Purser's store room, in the shape of flannel, silk handkerchiefs, tobacco, sugar, rice, &c., &c., all of which we found to be actually the case. I had often heard of such innocent people, but had never before *seen them; money is really of no value to the people of Ola.*

As soon as the anchor was down, we called away three boats and started to find the mouth of the river on which we had been told Ola was situated, and in these boats went at least half of the entire *personnel* of the old John. It was not every day that we had either the time or opportunity to indulge in similar sprees, and when they did thus present themselves hand in hand, they always found us ready.

Our three boats left the ship at the same time, and after a longer pull than we had looked for, reached the mouth of the river of which we were in search. It proved to be a stream of some ten or fifteen yards in width, with a bad bar across its mouth; so bad in fact that we beached our boats near its outer edge in preference to risking a ducking. We then walked a mile or more over a flat, boggy piece of land through which ran our river as well as several smaller streams, and finally arrived opposite a scattering number of snug looking log houses from which the people were running to welcome us.

The river being between us, however, we were forced to launch a couple of "dug-outs," to ferry us over, which accomplished, we were received by a crowd of some fifteen or twenty natives in the most friendly manner; and they no sooner saw our articles of barter than they became excessively friendly, motioning us to come up to their houses, where they had other articles which they would exchange for ours.

We readily understood their signs, which were assisted by a few slang expressions picked up from whalers, and with our pedlar's packs under our arms, followed them up from the river's bank. As we went along, we gazed with longing eyes and watering mouths at the stunted bullocks and trim-looking milch cows that dotted the undulating ground ahead of us, and intimated by signs that what we principally wanted to trade for were meat to eat and milk to drink; at which they laughed promisingly and got off the expression—"bum-bye"—quite patly; after which they laughed heartily at their evident familiarity with our language.

What seemed to surprise and please them most, was our being dressed in uniform, they having been previously visited by whalers, whose universal habit it is to consult only the respective states of their wardrobe and the temperature of the weather while putting on their variegated apparel. Most of us on this occasion wore blue flannel sack coats, with the usual abundant allowance of naval buttons; and these they were particularly struck with, making signs that they would like nothing better than to exchange their fur "overalls" for them. In return, we intimated that our clothes would be too cool for them, but they only laughed, and pointed to several women who now approached, some of whom were rigged out (evidently in honor of the occasion,) in fancy calico dresses, while the others were as usual clothed in loose garments made from the skin of the reindeer.

Several of these women were quite pretty, in spite of the ungraceful and masculine character of their attire, and they joined the party in a very modest and retiring manner, shaking hands with each of us who noticed them, and accompanying us to the house of the head-man, who proved to be one of those who had received us at the landing.

And now, before I go any farther, I may as well give the reader an idea of those houses and of the people who lived in them. The former were of several different styles, but were nevertheless all built of logs, and with their crevices filled with a mixture of mud and grass. The larger ones resembled our ordinary log cabins, with the exception of the absence of chimneys and windows—an extensive sky-light in the middle of the roof, serving to admit light as well as to permit the escape of smoke. The flooring was the natural soil leveled off, and down the entire length of their centres ran a raised bed of earth of some three or four feet in width, that was kept from crumbling down by a frame-work of posts and rough planks.

Around this earthenwork ran a gang-way of about the same width, while in its centre was kept up a constant fire, the smoke of which, curling up among the rafters, served to cure quantities of hanging salmon before effecting its escape through the "extensive skylight." All around the cabins themselves were tiers of sleeping bunks, the bottoms of which were filled with the skins of the black bear, reindeer, and other animals; these seemed to answer the purpose of both bed and bed-clothes, and presented anything but an inviting appearance. From the constant fires that were kept up, their interiors had assumed a smoky hue, which assisted by the smell of fish, gave everything a look of greasy dirtiness. We soon concluded that the open air was best adapted to the business of trafficking, and backed out accordingly.

The second style of house was, as I have already remarked, similar to these, as far as material was concerned, but no farther. They were built something like the Malay houses, raised upon from four to eight posts to an elevation of several feet, and floored with small saplings or rough planks. They were some ten feet square, as a general rule—boasted a single door, and no window, and were without chimneys. Their floors were about three feet from the ground, so that they could be entered easily without steps; of course they had no fire in these, they being used mostly as sleeping apartments.

We did not enter any of them, but upon looking in one, saw nothing but pile upon pile of skins, which, spread out very evenly, gave the whole room the appearance of an immense field bed. Their doors shut quite closely, and worked upon wooden hinges. They were sometimes locked with padlocks (obtained from the whale ships which visited them from time to time), in which cases we generally found that they acted the part of store houses. As sleeping apartments they were decidedly preferable to the larger ones, as they were free from the odor of fish, and the absence of fire left their sides and contents of a reasonable color.

When we came to buy our milk, the head-man beckoned us to follow him with our bottles, and led the way to *his* particular "lock up"—where he opened the door with a wire key (having lost the original one), and disclosed to our brightening eyes the long-untasted luxury ranged around its floor in tin pans and cool-looking earthen jars. We bought it *by the jar*, each man a jar, and began to make up for lost time. Who can tell how much our scurvy-threatened palates enjoyed those protracted draughts!

In addition to these houses, there were any number of sheds scattered about for drying fish previous to the smoking process. These were rigged with light, movable roofs, so that the fish might be exposed to the sun as well as protected from rain. When it came on to rain, fires were built under these also, to lessen the effect of the moisture.

Dogs, children, and fish seemed to prevail to a greater extent than anything else, though cattle and grown people were far from scarce. These latter were rather below the middle stature than otherwise, were of an olive complexion, irregular features, and were dressed mostly in loose trowsers and smock-frocks all made from the skin of the reindeer. Some of them wore the hair inside, others out, just as the fancy seemed to strike them. The same garment could be worn either way.

I have said that their complexion was *olive*, but the word bronzed would probably convey a more correct idea. They looked like persons of naturally fair complexions, who had been chronically darkened from generation to generation, as even the infants partook of the general hue. Their forms were remarkably light and sinewy, and the springing step of their moccasin-clad feet (moccasin boots extending as high or higher than the knee,) indicated muscles of unfailing elasticity. The more youthful of the weaker sex were lively, cheerful, and far from ugly, and boasted hands and feet of rare mould and dimensions. Like young ladies of almost every latitude, they seemed to think that the fact of their being young and pretty entitled them to extra consideration, and it must be confessed that they got as many skeins of silk, papers of needles, &c., &c., for their well expended smiles, as did their elder companions for their bullocks, fish, and other articles of trade.

DANDURAN'S NEW DIVING APPARATUS.

[See Engraving.]

The male and female divers who collect sponge in the sea, near Rhodes, are able to remain under water for ten minutes or more. A similar capacity is possessed by the pearl divers of the Persian Gulf. But the requirements of modern science demand the invention of an apparatus that shall render it almost as easy to work under water as above. Bells, helmets, and other machines, have been contrived, and have been used with more or less success; but they have generally failed in one important particular—they have never been able to overcome the difficulty, from the increased pressure of the air within the helmet or bell, consequent upon sinking in deep water. Thus the individual, however abundantly supplied with air, soon finds his breathing painful.

M. Danduran, a French engineer of considerable eminence, has planned certain improvements in the diving art by which this evil may be remedied. We will at once describe the mechanism and the peculiar principle of his apparatus. It consists of a copper bell, in shape somewhat resembling an ordinary umbrella, partially collapsed or closed, fitted with glass plates, and sufficiently large to cover a man down to the waist. Under this singular kind of roof is slung a saddle of lead, weighing nearly a hundred and fifty pounds, which serves the two-fold object of forming a convenient seat for the diver, and of precipitating the machine vertically through the water to the intended depth.

Passing through the bell—entering at one side and coming out at the other—is a strong gutta percha pipe, about an inch and a half in diameter, passing on a level with the mouth of the person seated inside on the saddle of lead. Both ends of this tube project above the water, however far below the copper bell may sink, and the diver is thus enabled, by means of a flexible mouth-piece, perforated like one of the improved French respirators, not only to inspire and respire with the utmost facility, but also to speak to the persons whose duty it is to guide the apparatus from the surface, so as to enable him to move at pleasure from point to point of the scene of his operations. Sitting at ease across the leaden saddle, M. Danduran's diver, dressed in a light suit of waterproof, instead of the weighty costume which formerly encumbered him, has his arms and feet at perfect liberty, and, by means of a small engine on the deck of the vessel above, is supplied with an abundance of air at the ordinary healthy pressure.

Some experiments with this apparatus were recently made in the Thames, in the deepest water, in front of the new Houses of Parliament. M. Danduran, who has long been celebrated for his ingenuity as an inventor, was present, and himself directed the operations, while the Secretary of the Royal Humane Society, the principal engineer of the new bridge, and the resident engineer, who have had great experience in the application of diving labor to the construction of subaqueous piers, attended to observe the efficacy of the patented machine. Under the old system it was considered dangerous for a man, whether provided with a bell or with a helmet, to descend to a much greater depth than forty feet, the pressure of the air producing congestion of the lungs and brain, and threatening suffocation. Moreover, the helmet and diving dress of thick leather have been found insupportably heavy, in addition to the old-fashioned diver's shoes, with leaden soles upwards of an inch in thickness. Still more inconvenient and hazardous was the practice of depending for a supply of air upon the regular action of a pump worked on the surface, as the slightest accident or interruption to the machinery endangered the individual's life, especially as he had no means of communication with persons above, except by pulling a rope; and could never speak or receive instructions, except by coming up to the surface.

Thus, great perils were encountered, and loss of time occasioned, as was signally the case when the expertest divers in England were employed on the wreck of the Royal George. The examination and destruction of submerged wrecks, and the recovery of sunken property, are among the principal objects of the invention. Divers are also employed to examine ships' sides and bottoms while at sea, to discover and caulk any leaks that may have sprung; to collect coral, sponge, pearls, and mother of pearl; to guide the laying down of electric cables on the sea bed; to inspect and prepare the foundations of bridges, light-houses, and other works of water architecture; and, especially, to discover at what point the submarine telegraph may have been broken, and to conduct the necessary repairs.

M. Danduran has submitted his invention to the principal scientific authorities in France.—The French Ministers of Marine, indeed, appointed several special commissions to investigate and report upon the merits of the new diving bell; and their reports were invariably of so favorable a character, that the Imperial Government has ordered the inventor to supply several of the French seaports with sets of his apparatus, which cost little more than one-third of the price usually paid even for a common diver's helmet. The experiments made in the Thames were most successful in every respect, the machine being sent down repeatedly, and the diver performing several brief tasks, with singular exactitude, as well as rapidity. The engineers present admitted at once, that M. Danduran had achieved a remarkable scientific triumph, expressing their opinion unhesitatingly, that his apparatus was likely to supersede the old helmet, as well as the heavy, cumbrous, unmanageable and dangerous bell.

A Slight Misconception.—*Young Gentleman.*—I have never had the pleasure of seeing you before, sir, but I met your daughter at Saratoga, and she asked me to call upon her in town.—Having just been able to get her address to-day, I—"

Old Gentleman (indignantly interrupting).—"Get her a dress! Who gave you permission, sir, to make presents to my daughter? I'd have you to know that I'm able to clothe my children without your assistance! There's the door, sir!"

NEWS FROM EUROPE.

The steamer City of Washington with Liverpool dates to the 31st ult., arrived at New York on the 18th inst. She brought 1,700 tons of freight, probably the largest and most valuable cargo ever brought to New York by one steamer.

The Cunard steamer Arabia arrived at Liverpool at 9 A. M. on the 28th of December.

The Cunard steamer America with Liverpool dates to the 3d inst. (three days later,) arrived at Halifax on the 18th.

The news is highly important.

The English have bombarded Canton. The collision with the authorities at Canton was owing to the seizure of twelve British seamen on board a vessel in the river. The British Consul interfered, but was insulted and treated with violence, and when remonstrating with the Chinese Governor General was treated with contempt.

The matter was placed in the hands of Admiral Seymour on the 21st of October, and hostilities commenced on the 24th. The forts of Canton had been taken and several of them destroyed.

The Governor, still rejecting Admiral Seymour's demand for satisfaction, a fire was again opened on the 27th against the city walls and Governor's palace. The walls were breached and stormed on the 29th, the troops penetrating to the palace walls, but were withdrawn in the evening. The British loss was only three killed and twelve wounded.

Attempts at negotiation continuing fruitless, the city was bombarded on the 3d and 4th of November.

On the 6th twenty-three war junks were destroyed by the British steamer. Further time was then given, but the Chinese continued obstinate.

The Basque forts at Canton have been captured. The foreign factories have been vacated, property to a large amount has been destroyed, and commerce is completely paralyzed.

The American fleet, it appears, took an active part in the hostilities. The Chinese authorities having insulted the American flag, the sloop-of-war Portsmouth opened a fire upon the fort that committed the offence and completely destroyed it.

The British Government has appointed a new minister to Washington; the name is as yet a secret, but it is not Mr. Villiers.

The sum of £10,000 was expended in the year ending the 31st March, on account of the Arctic discoveries.

The preparations for war are continued by both Switzerland and Prussia.

The demands of Prussia are, however, diminishing, and it is reported that Napoleon had made a conciliatory offer of an arrangement with the Federal authorities.

A Prussian journal says that an American envoy has offered a loan of twenty millions to Switzerland in case of need. Austria strongly protests against the war.

The Federal Assembly met at Berne on the 27th. The President made a warlike speech to the Council, and asked leave to exert all the necessary measures for defence—for unlimited credit, and permission to contract a loan of thirty millions.

The Wurtemburg Chambers protest against the passage of troops across their territory.

There was a terrible gale and snow storm on the English coast on Christmas night and next day. The gale was also so high inland, in the vicinity of Tyne, as to blow the telegraphic posts down, and for a time to stop all telegraphic communication. The Osprey, screw steamer, from Hamburg, in endeavoring to get into West Hartlepool, struck on the bar, was driven on the north pier, and soon afterwards went down. Providentially, the crew were saved.

Two new gold fields have been discovered in Australia, at Dunolly, to the northwest of Bendigo, and a "rush" thither, within the month, of nearly 50,000 miners from Bendigo, Maryborough, and other places, has taken place. The sinkings in this field vary from 25 to 40 feet, many of them being very wet.

The recent attempt on his life has but served to confirm the King of Naples in his resolve not to make those changes in his system of government which the Western Powers declared to be necessary to the peace and welfare of the whole of the Italian peninsula.

The Madrid Gazette publishes a royal decree authorizing the free importation of wheat, barley, maize, and flour into the ports of the Asturias at the request of the Governor of Oviedo.

The Duke of Modena has raised the state of siege in that city and commune. The ordinary laws were originally suspended in that district in consequence of the disturbances between the masters and workmen connected with the quarries (which are unfortunately frequent occurrences there,) and which were believed to have been quite free from anything political, but the military commission was expressly appointed to deal summarily with the offender against the law, and thought it right forthwith to treat the whole affair as the effect of a political conspiracy, and thence came the great number of sentences on persons for belonging to secret societies which have appeared of late.

The Univers publishes two lists of refugees or political prisoners pardoned by the Pope at different periods since 1849. The first list contains 36 names of members of the Roman Constituent Assembly of that year; the second, 24 names of officers of the Papal army, who sided at that period with the Constituent Assembly. In neither of these lists do we find any name having acquired much political notoriety.

The Times' Paris correspondent says that the answer of the Russian Government, with reference to the Paris conferences, has been received, and that the Czar assents to all that has been proposed.

Count Kisseloff, the Russian Minister at Paris, on the 28th, agreed to the Bessarabian frontier line proposed by the allies.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—LIVERPOOL, Jan 2.—All qualities of Cotton have advanced during the week, reacting fully ½.

The stock of Cotton in port is 291,000, including 173,000 American.

The sales to-day (Friday) are estimated at 10,000 bales. The market closed firm.

Breadstuffs are steady, Wheat having advanced 3d, and Corn 1d.

Provisions are dull.

Naval Stores quiet, and prices generally unchanged.

The Manchester advices are favorable.

LONDON, Jan. 3.—Messrs. Baring & Brothers quote the Money market as unchanged but active.

Consols for account are quoted at 94a94⅛. No sales for money, the transfer books being closed.

The news from China caused great excitement in the tea market, and in the early part of the day several thousand chests were purchased, in some instances on Liverpool account. For good common Congou, which had been quoted at 10¾d per lb, 1s was readily offered, but later in the day these were sellers at that price. Some effect was also produced on the price of silk, which experienced an advance of 6d per lb.

DEATH OF A CELEBRATED PHYSICIAN.—Doctor Paris, the President of the College of Physicians of London, is dead. When but 14 years of age he commenced the studies of his arduous profession, and continued in it until he had attained the age of three score years and ten. He was distinguished for his classical attainments. Dr. Paris distinguished himself as the founder of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall, in England. When at Penzance, too, he gave to the miners the great boon of the "tamping-bar," the instrument by which they are enabled to pursue their business amid inflammable gases without the fear of striking fire from the rock. By this simple but admirable invention, Dr. Paris no doubt saved more lives than many heroes have destroyed.

THE POETS IN LUCK.—The London Athenæum chronicles the liberality of John Kenyon, a genial and noble literary man of large fortune, recently deceased. Scarcely a man or woman distinguished in the world of letters with which he was familiar has passed unremembered in his will; and some poets and children of poets are endowed with a princely munificence. Among those who have shared most liberally in this harvest of goodwill, we are happy to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Browning receive £10,000, Mr. Procter (Barry Cornwall,) £6,000, and Dr. Southey a very handsome sum, we think, £8,000. There are about eighty legatees—many of them the old literary friends of the deceased poet.

VACCINATING DOGS TO PREVENT DISTEMPER.—A correspondent of the *Medical Times* says, he had lately to see a patient in the country who is master of a pack of hounds; and he found this gentleman's huntsman vaccinating a litter of puppies, as a preventive against distemper. The huntsman said he had done this for some years past, that the success was quite complete, and that the practice was becoming general with huntsmen.—*English Paper.*

HOW TO REACH THE NORTH POLE.—Professor Sonntag, Astronomer to the "Grinnell Exploring Expedition," in his Narrative, says, the only way to ever reach the North Pole, is by dog-sledges, starting early in the season, before the ice becomes soft and slushy; he thinks the whole journey could be made in thirty days from the starting point. The Professor says: "The distance from Hakluyt's Headland to the Pole is six hundred geographical miles. Supposing that the traveller should proceed but twenty miles in twenty-four hours, only one month would be required to enable the adventurer to place his foot on the very pivot of the earth's axis. He might remain there a month, if necessary, to collect all desirable information, and then return in one of those easily constructed canoes which are made and used by the Esquimaux on the southern coast of Greenland. The southwesterly currents, within a fortnight, or less time, perhaps, would bring him back to Spitzbergen.

ILLNESS OF MR. GIDDINGS.—Mr. Giddings, while discussing a private bill in the House on the afternoon of the 17th, was seen to put his hand to his head, and fall into his seat, being seized with atrophy of the heart. The members and spectators were at once thrown into the highest state of alarm, the Speaker and numerous representatives crying out to those who pressed round Mr. Giddings, to "stand back and give him air."

Amid the excitement, an adjournment was had, and Mr. Giddings was removed to the lobby, where he was attended by several members, who are physicians. For some minutes he was senseless, and though finally restored to consciousness, evidently suffered internally. After a time, he was carried on a sofa to the Speaker's room, and attended by several city physicians. He is now believed to be in a fair way of recovery.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE IN PHILADELPHIA.—The case of Michael Brown, an alleged fugitive slave, claimed by William H. Gatchell of Baltimore, commenced before U. S. Commissioner David Paul Brown, Jr., on Thursday the 15th inst., was concluded on Saturday evening, the 17th.—Commissioner Brown thought the slave claimant's evidence sufficient, and remanded the fugitive to him. The latter was taken to Baltimore, hand-cuffed, in the night train.

BANK PANIC AT THE WEST.—Several of the Chicago banks threw out, on Jan. 16th, the notes of the People's Bank of Carmel, the Rushville Bank, the Prairie State Bank, the Washington Stock Security, and the Danville Bank, all in Illinois. The latter is partially secured by California bonds. The total circulation of these banks is $825,000, and the securities $900,000, in bonds of the States of Missouri, Virginia, Louisiana, California and Tennessee.

BOY FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.—In this city, on Saturday afternoon, the 17th inst., a boy was driving past an old grave-yard, in the First Ward, and seeing some coffins which had been exhumed, he became so much terrified that he fell from his cart and soon after died from sheer fright.

THE REVOLUTION IN CHINA.—Rev. W. P. A. Martin, an English Missionary at Ningpo, China, has published an intelligent account of Chinese affairs. The revolutionary party, in whose ultimate success he sees great hope of material and social progress, he says are still gaining upon the Tartar dynasty, plucking from them one city and province after another, and making sure the ground gained by ample defences and improvements in government that secure the firm allegiance of the people. Mr. Martin expresses great mortification that so many Americans and Europeans have entered the service of the old dynasty against the insurgents. The Emperor has recently called into his service seven wild tribes of Mangols, but this only exasperates and alienates his own subjects. Mr. Martin is confident that the dominion of the Moushu sovereigns is about to expire, and predicts that its overthrow will introduce a new era of progress, and bring China into intercourse with the rest of the world, to the great advantage of commerce and the spread of knowledge and Christianity among the Chinese.

THE MILLIONAIRE NEGRO SINGER.—Among the celebrities of New York is E. P. Christy, the negro minstrel, who, having made a princely fortune out of burnt cork and Ethiopian melodies, now lives the life of a wealthy and fashionable New Yorker. He recently made a great dash in the streets with a magnificent sleigh, which attracted unusual attention, from its splendor and the beauty of the prancing stud of snow white horses, to which it was attached. In the summer he drives out in an elegant carriage, behind two splendid bays, with a fine large coach dog running under the carriage. He is quite a connoisseur in horseflesh, and in driving out alternates between his bay and white horses. In his promenade he is accompanied by a large bull terrier, a splendid specimen of the canine race. His wealth is prodigious, and as he has been economical and laborious while earning it, he feels authorized to spend it freely. He may be frequently seen in the dress circle of the Italian Opera, and is always the observed of all observers.

HORSE RACING AT AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.—The Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture have unanimously adopted resolutions recommending the various agricultural societies of that State to take such measures in reference to the exhibition of horses at their cattle shows as shall divest them of all characteristics of the horse race, and, as far as possible, of all immoral tendencies. They have also resolved that the offering of premiums on equestrian exhibitions is a perversion of the funds of the State, and the Board recommends agricultural societies not to use their trotting courses for fast horses during the cattle shows, as it is not for the interest of the farmer or the breeder of horses to countenance or allow, in any trial of horses, a faster rate than a mile in four minutes, the trial to be made singly, or in pairs harnessed together. Any horse driven at a faster rate the Board think should be ruled out in all premiums.

FAMILY BEREAVEMENT OF MR. BUCHANAN.—An Irish newspaper, the Fermanagh Mail, records the death, at Fintona, of Alexander Buchanan, Esq., a cousin of the Hon. James Buchanan, who, up to the moment of his decease, was in the enjoyment of apparent good health. His brother, Beaver Buchanan, Esq., of Tullybroom, was immediately sent for, but upon his arrival was attacked with disease of the heart, and died while the remains of the former were being conveyed to the church-yard. The Mail says these gentlemen were the nearest relations in that country to the new American President—both about forty years of age, unmarried, and highly esteemed by all classes of the community for kindness and benevolence to all, without exception to party.

TRUE INDEPENDENCE.—The man who has seven acres of fertile land may always retire within the circle of his own productions; he may laugh at the monopolist, and receive his bread from the God of Heaven. No matter how much the seller asks for his niceties; no man is obliged to buy them. Let him store his fine flour if he please, until it is devoured by the rats. I thank Heaven that I have two hands and an humble stomach; I can bear coarse food and woolen; I can retire from flour to Indian meal, and from Indian meal to potatoes, or some humbler root. —*Withington.*

NONE EXEMPT.—In her life of George Washington, Mrs. Kirkland gives us one close view of that stately lady, Mrs. Martha Washington:

"If we were to give our private opinion," says Mrs. Kirkland, "we should say that Mrs. Martha Custis Washington, with her large fortune, her strong domestic tastes and affections, and her dutiful common sense character, exercised her full share of influence over the Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States of America. She had a very decided way of speaking, and as she never meddled in public affairs, we can easily imagine the General letting her have her own way in pretty much everything else.

"A guest at Mount Vernon happened to sleep in a room adjoining that occupied by the President and his lady. Late in the evening, when people had retired to their various chambers, he heard the lady delivering a very animated lecture to her lord and master upon something he had done, that she thought ought to be done differently. To all this he listened in the profoundest silence, and when she, too, was silent, he opened his lips and spoke, 'now good sleep to you, my dear.' This anecdote of the great man in his night-cap, is quite characteristic of him, but it is equally so of most lords and masters, who we imagine, all receive curtain lectures, as Mr. Caudle and Washington did, in profound silence. Experience probably teaches them that it is the better way."

THE OLD TIME DANDY.—Much has been said and written upon the extravagance of costume of the present moment, but the following extract from an entertaining work, entitled "England as it was," proves that, if we equal, we don't surpass in rich materials and gay colors, the beaux and belles of the last century. We could find it in our heart to dispense with railroads, gas, and the rest of our civilization for a twelve month, to obtain one view of Bolinbroke in his habit as he lived. "He was dressed in the extremity of fashion, and wore a light-blue velvet coat, with immense cuffs, richly embroidered with silver, amber colored stockings, crimson leather shoes, fastened with diamond buckles, and a diamond hilted sword, with a long silken tassel dangling from the handle. His cravat was of point lace, and his hands were almost hidden by exaggerated ruffles of the same material; his hat was laced with silver, and feathered at the edges, and he wore his own brown hair in ringlets of some eighteen or twenty inches in length, tied behind with a long streaming ribbon; his handkerchief which he carried in his hand, was strongly perfumed, and he diffused an odor around him as he walked, as if he had just risen from a bath of roses."

"THE CIRCUMLOCUTION OFFICE."—A widow, who lost her husband in the Crimean war, writes to an English provincial paper, "that she has been informed by the Commissary General that £26 10s 9d is due, and will be paid to the next of the kin upon a declaration made before a magistrate being forwarded to him." On receiving this notice she went to the Borough Court to make the required declaration—was referred by the judge to his clerk; the clerk said a proper form must be drawn up by a solicitor—and the solicitor said that he must write to London upon the matter before it could be done!—The widow asks the editor what she shall do, and he replies he "cannot advise her." This is in "routine and class-ridden England," but the round-aboutness is not confined to that country. Something like it occurs occasionally—elsewhere.

JEFFERSON'S OPINION OF JACKSON.—The private papers of Mr. Webster promise many curious revelations. Here is the opinion of the father of modern Democracy relative to a later great man of the same party:

"I feel much alarmed at the prospect of seeing General Jackson President. He is one of the most unfit men I know of for such a place. He has had very little respect for laws or constitutions, and is, in fact, only an able military chief. His passions are terrible. When I was President of the Senate he was a Senator, and he never spoke on account of the rashness of his feelings. I have seen him attempt it repeatedly, and as often choke with rage. His passions are no doubt cooler now; he has been much tried since I knew him, but he is a dangerous man."

☞ SCENE AT CONGRESS HALL, SARATOGA.—"My dear Bella, who is that frowsy looking woman in the corner, with her horrid red nose?" "Why, Clara, dear, that is Mrs. De Codfish, of Mackerel Square, New York." "Dear me, is she anybody in particular?" "Why, love, most certainly; she is a twenty-three trunk lady." "Is it possible! *do* introduce me—what a splendid looking creature she is!"

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET, JAN. 19.

The snow storm has operated unfavorably on the market, and the supplies offered were unusually small. The following were yarded at the Bull's Head the last week:

John Todd 112; C Marshall 36; A Burton 17; R Neely 16; A Smith 15; E Kealy 22; M Henderson 8; John Mitchell 12; W H Forrest 33; Jas Clemens 21; John A Wallace 29; W Irston 5; W Alexander 3; Hinckle & Haines 33; O Hathaway 17; B Houston 3; Scott & Kimball 62; Steward McClung 13; Underwood & Chandler 30; J Cochran 24; W Forster 3; T Worthington 7.

At Bewar's, late Torbert's Avenue Drove Yard, the sales were:

Sales ranging at from $6½ to 10¼ the 100 lbs, the latter for extra cattle.

40	Penns by A Kennedy at	$6½@10
50	" A Rittenbaugh at	9½@10
30	" G Baldwin at	10 a10
15	" D Wells at	10 a10
20	Ohio J Warner at	10 a10
25	Virginia E Williams at	9½@10

Some 500 Cows and Calves were at market this week, at the Washington Drove Yard, Ridge Avenue. Sales were very dull at from $35 to $40 for Fresh Cows; $25 to $30 for Springers; and $18 to $20 for Dry Cows and feeders.

Of Hogs the arrivals at Singer's were 2000. The demand was brisk, and all sold at from $6½ to $6¾ the 100 lbs, which is an advance.

Of Sheep and Lambs some 4000 were at market, sales ranging at from $2,50 to $3,50 each, according to condition.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 139 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing inactive.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" " '62	110	—
" " '67	116	—
" " '68	116	—
" 5 " '85	105½	—
Phila 6 pr ct	99½	99½
" " new	99½	99¾
" 5 "	—	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	99	99
Pittsb'g pr ct	94	95½
" " coupon	93	93
All'gy city 6 pr ct	94	94½
" county 6	93	93
Allegh'y RR 6's	99	99
Penn		
" 5 "	82½	82¾
" " coupon	87½	88
Penn 6 pr ct	89¾	90
" " coupon	79	79
Kentucky 6 pr ct	101½	102½
Penn RR 6 pr ct	97½	98
2d m't loan '82	87	90
C & Am RR 6 pr ct	77	79½
P G & N RR "	80	84
Reading RR "	92	92½
" m't "	83	86
H & Lan RR "	87	87½
P & S RR 7 "	70	75
Cha Val RR "	92½	94
Tioga RR "	80	83
Phil Wil & Bal '86 RR 6 pr ct	82½	83
Long I RR "	70	71
Sch Nav '82 "	67	70
Lehigh Nav "	92	93½
" m't "	92½	93
Morr "	99½	100
C & C Cl "	75	80
Sus & T'd '70"	60	60½
Union Canal	62½	63
Will'm & Elmira 1st mort 7 pr ct	70	75
2d " 7 "	63	65
Catawissa "	54	56
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	118	120
Penna	60½	60½
Bea Meadow	54	54
North Penna	14½	14½
Phi. Ger & Nor	65	65½
Reading	41½	41¾
" preferred	44½	50
Minehill	50	52
Har & Lan	55½	57
Chester Valley	3	4
Tioga	22	—
" preferred	22	—
P W & Balt	25	25½
Long Island	19½	19¾
Will'sport & Elmira	20	20½
Catawissa	12½	12¾
CANAL STOCKS.		
Shuyl Nav	15½	16¼
" preferred	25½	26
Lehigh Nav	70½	71
Morris	154	154½
" preferred	102	102½
C & Del	—	25
Union	24	25
Sus & Tidewater	9	10
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	154	155
Penna	100	101
Philada	122½	123½
Far & Mec	85½	86½
Commercial	51	51½
N Liberty	58	58½
Mechanics	22	30½
Southwark	99	99½
P Township	39½	40½
Kensington	63	65
Girard	11½	11¾
Western	60	—
Man & Mech	31	31½
Commerce	76	78
Tradesman's	67	—
City	99	99½
Consolidation	30	30½
Pittsburg	90	—
M & M Pitts	61	—
Ex'ge Pitts	60	—
Kentucky	100	—
Northern, Ky	110½	—
Louisville, Ky	—	108
Farmers, Ky	—	107½
Union, Nash Tenn	—	95
Plant's, Tenn	100	—
Com & R Vick	84	86
N O Gas Lt	120	122

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, }
January 19, 1857. }

The inclemency of the weather has interfered with the operations of the past week, and business as a natural consequence ceased entirely. Breadstuffs have been quiet, except for Flour, Wheat and Corn, which have improved. Coal is in steady demand, for home consumption, but there is more shipping from Richmond. Coffee is selling at full rates, and for Sugar a further slight improvement has been realized. Molasses is unchanged. Cotton has been in limited request, but holders are firm. Fish are looking up. In Fruit but little doing, in consequence of the want of stock. Hemp and Hides are unchanged. Iron is better. Lead is dull. Lumber very little doing. Naval Stores are quiet, except for Spirits of Turpentine, which is higher. Fish Oils are held firmly, but Linseed is lower. Provisions are quiet, but prices are steadily maintained. Rice meets a good inquiry. Clover-seed is not so active. Teas and Tobacco are unchanged. Wool continues moving upward. In Dry Goods there has been an increased business to notice with very large sales of all Seasonable Styles of Cotton and Woolen Goods at full prices, the demand being chiefly for the supply of the St. Louis, Nashville, Louisville, Cincinnati and Charleston Jobbers, who have been supplying themselves freely in anticipation of a further advance in prices.

BREADSTUFFS—The late favorable accounts from Europe—light supplies—a small stock—and prospective small receipts have caused rather more firmness in prices, but the market has been inactive. The sales of Flour for export comprise only 5000 bbls at $6,31@6,37½ ₱ bbl for standard and good brands, and $6,50 for better brands and Lancaster county. The demand for home consumption have been limited within the range of $6,25@7,50 for common to fancy brands. Rye Flour is lower—sales of 200 bbls at $4,50@5. Corn Meal is but little inquired after—500 barrels Pennsylvania sold at $3, and 1000 barrels and stock at $3,45 ₱ barrel.

The receipts of Wheat continue small—with a good demand, and prices have advanced 4@5 cts ₱ bushel—sales of 20,000 bushels, mostly Pennsylvania, at $1,46@1,52 for good and prime Red, and $1,55@1,65 for White, closing at our highest quotations. The market is bare of Rye and is wanted—sales at 86@87c. Corn has been in demand, and has advanced—sales of 35,000 bushels at 62@63c ₱ bushel for old Yellow; 57c for old White; 56c for mixed, and 52@54c for new. Oats have been in fair request—sales of 5000 bushels at 47c for Pennsylvania and Western, and 46@47c for Southern from the cars.

PROVISIONS—The market continues firm in consequence of the advance in the West. Supplies come forward slowly, and the stocks of all descriptions are light. The demand for Pork has been limited, but prices are firm—sales of Mess at $19,50@20 ₱ bbl, and Prime at $17@17,50, on time. No change in Beef, and the sales are only for ship stores. Bacon—There has been very little doing—partly owing to the absence of supplies; small sales of plain Hams at 10@10½; canvassed do at 11@12c; 100 bbls do old at 9½c; 100 casks Sides at 10c, and Shoulders at 8½c ₱ lb, delivered, for old and new. In Green Meats the transactions have been limited; among them we notice pickled Hams at 11c, 60 days, and Shoulders at 8½c. Lard is held very firmly, and there has been rather more inquiry; sales of bbls at 12½@12¾, and 1000 Western and Jersey kegs at 13@13¼c ₱ lb, 60 days; about 200 irregular packages sold at 12½@12¾c. Butter continues dull to meet a fair inquiry; small sales of solid packed at 16@16½c, and roll at 18@20c ₱ lb, cash. In Cheese there is no change.

GROCERIES—Coffee has been in better demand with more firmness in prices. Sales of 4400 bags Rio at 10½@10¾c; some Laguayra at 12½c, and 200 packets Java at 14½c ₱ lb, on time. The market continues very quiet for Molasses, but prices are firm. Small sales of Cuba Muscovado were made at 32c, and at 30c, on time.

The demand for Sugar has been good, and with a very reduced stock, holders have again put up their prices 1c ₱ lb. Sales of 700 hds at the former quotations; 500 bbls at Porto Rico, and 250 bags do, and 400 packets Java at 16½ ₱ lb, on time. Further slight improvement has been realized. Molasses is unchanged. Cotton has been in limited request, but holders are firm. Fish are looking up. In Fruit but little doing, in consequence of the want of stock. Hemp and Hides are unchanged. Iron is better. Lead is dull. Lumber very little doing. Naval Stores are quiet, except for Spirits of Turpentine, which is higher. Fish Oils are held firmly, but Linseed is lower. Provisions are quiet, but prices are steadily maintained. Rice meets a good inquiry. Clover-seed is not so active. Teas and Tobacco are unchanged. Wool continues moving upward. In Dry Goods there has been an increased business to notice with very large sales of all Seasonable Styles of Cotton and Woolen Goods at full prices, the demand being chiefly for the supply of the St. Louis, Nashville, Louisville, Cincinnati and Charleston Jobbers, who have been supplying themselves freely in anticipation of a further advance in prices.

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THIRTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.—On January 13th, a lengthy debate ensued on the House Bill for the relief of Mary Reeside, proposing to pay her about $160,000, being the balance due from the Government to her late husband, for services in carrying the mails, with interest, from December, 1841. The case has been before Congress for twelve or fifteen years, and was favorably reported on by the Court of Claims.

The bill passed—yeas 29, nays 15, after an amendment, striking out the allowance of interest.

On January 14th, the bill from the House making appropriations for the support of the Military Academy was taken up and passed.

Mr. Benjamin reported a bill making an appropriation for the improvement, by contract, of the Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio and Arkansas Rivers.

Mr. Rouston offered a resolution, which lies over, calling on the President to inform the Senate of the number of deserters from the United States Navy since the passage of the act to provide for the efficiency of the navy; the cause of the return from the Pacific station of certain officers, and in relation to the resignation of many officers recently serving in the East India squadron.

The House Bill providing for the settlement of the claims of the officers of the Revolution was advocated by Mr. Bell, of New Hampshire, and opposed by Mr. Clay.

On January 15th, Mr. Seward, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a bill for the protection of steamboats from damage or destruction by fire. Among other things, it provides that the wood-work shall be removed a certain distance from the furnace and flues. The fire-rooms and passages to be protected with iron, and in the the event of a fire the conflagration to be extinguished by means of steam, the machinery for which is to be worked outside of the fire room. The Act is to take effect one year from its passage.

On motion of Mr. Pugh a resolution was adopted, requesting the Secretary of the Treasury to inform the Senate what would be the annual income of the Government, according to such estimates as he may be able to make, if one-fifth of the duties on such imported articles, authorized by the tariff act of July, 1846, should be remitted; what if one-fourth should be remitted; and what if one-third should be remitted.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of the House Bill, providing for the settlement of the claims of the officers of the Revolutionary Army.

Mr. Foster earnestly supported the measure, arguing that in consequence of the depreciation in the value of the certificates in which the officers were paid, they were justly entitled to the consideration of Congress.

Mr. Pugh offered an amendment, striking out the first and second sections, and inserting "that there shall be paid to each of the surviving soldiers embraced by the resolution of Congress of the 23d of March, 1783, the difference between the amounts specified in the certificates issued to him under the terms of said resolution, and the value of said certificates in money at the time it was issued and received."

The amendment was adopted—yeas 26, nays 21.

Mr. Toombs inquired of Mr. Fish, whether the latter was not interested in the bill, and thereby disqualified from voting upon it?

Mr. Fish replied that he was sent here by the State of New York, and had a right, under the Constitution, to vote as her representative on any bill before Congress. He was, he said, entitled to receive something under the bill, but he would divest himself of all interest in the matter, and give whatever sum might come to him to the representatives of the New York line who served in the Revolutionary war, and for whom no provision had been made.

Mr. Cass said that when the bill was first introduced he favored it, but the investigation which it had undergone satisfied him it was improper. He should, therefore, vote against the whole of it, unless justice be rendered the soldiers as well as the officers. Further debate ensued on other amendments.

On Jan. 16th, the Senate took up the resolution of Mr. Houston, calling upon the Secretary of the Navy to state what number of desertions from the Navy have taken place since the passage of the act to promote the efficiency of the Navy, &c., and after a short discussion, laid it aside, in order to take up the special order, being the bill providing for the settlement of the claims of officers of the Revolution.

Mr. Toombs said he intended to make the bill as odious possible, and to that end indicated various amendments, one of which was providing to compensate the Revolutionary soldiers the depreciation on the continental money in which were paid. As a test question, he moved an indefinite ponement of the bill. Lost. Yeas 22, nays 26.

The motion of Mr. Pugh the consideration of the bill was till the first Monday in December next by a vote 28.

The presiding officer laid before the Senate a letter from President of the Joint Convention of the Pennsylvania Legislature, giving information of the election of Simon meron as Senator. Sixteen private bills were passed, nd the Senate adjourned to Monday.

On Jan 19th, the Chair laid before the Senate a communication from the presiding officers of the Legislature of elaware, announcing the election of Mr. Bayard to the S. Senate for six years, from the 4th of March next, and Mr. Bates, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Clayton.

In the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES on Jan. 13th, Mr. organ offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on Commerce to inquire and report what additional means, if any, are necessary to prevent ss of life, and for the preservation of vessels from shipwreck on the Long Island and New Jersey coasts.

The House then resumed the consideration of the President's message, and after a speech by Mr. Bingham, rongly denunciatory of the Message, it was referred to e Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

The bill reducing the duty on imports and for other purposes, was taken up in Committee of the Whole, Mr. umphrey Marshall in the Chair.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, spoke in explanation of the object of the bill.

Mr. Florence gave notice of an amendment, namely, "all goods or articles of manufacture, undistinguished enerally denominated or known as goods in the gray grease,' of which the tissues are of combed wool, or which the chain and tally are wool, such as merinoes, ousseilin de laine, cashmeres and satins; also tissues, of hich the chain is silk and the filling wool, such as barges and satins—be hereafter admitted on payment of a duty ten per cent., ad valorem."

Mr. Merrill also offered an amendment "that any wool hair of the alpaca, the goat, and other like animals, hich shall be changed in its character for the purpose of ading the duty, or which shall be cleaned, or purified, assorted, so as to raise its value at the port of importaon to fifty cents per pound or over; or which shall be reduced in value by the admixture of dirt or any foreign ubstance to fifteen cents per pound or less, shall be subject to pay a duty of thirty per cent."

Mr. Bowie spoke in support of the views expressed by President, in his annual message.

On Jan. 14th, a large number of bills upon a variety of objects was introduced by various members.

The House then went into Committee on the tariff bill.

Mr. Aiken, in reply to Mr. Bowie's remarks of yesterday, defended the American party from the charge of prejudice toward the Roman Catholic Church, and deprecated the discussion of the slavery question.

Mr. Durfee maintained that it was not only the constitutional power, but the duty of the Government to protect and encourage the industrial products of the country. He particularly spoke of the policy of admitting, free of duty, the articles which enter into American manufactures, so that in this aspect we shall be placed on an equal footing with English manufacturers. He would give his support to any bill which should contain a judicious discrimination in favor of American industry.

Mr. Letcher and Mr. Campbell had a colloquy respecting the genuineness of the bill.

The Committee then rose. Various amendments to the bill were offered and ordered to be printed.

On January 16th. Mr. Pelton presented a memorial, signed by two hundred ship owners, merchants and pilots of New York, recommending the passage of Rogers' Marine Signal Bill.

The House took up and passed, with sundry amendments, the Senate Bill relative to foreign coins. It provides that the quarter, eighth and sixteenth of a dollar pieces, shall be received by the Federal officers at 20, 10 and 5 cents, and shall not be again paid out. The new coin is to consist of 88 parts of copper, and 12 parts of nickel, and the coinage of half cent pieces to cease.

Mr. Chapman introduced a bill for the construction of a wagon road from the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, in Nebraska Territory, via the Great Salt Lake Valley, to Honey Lake Valley, on the Eastern portion of the State of California, and for the establishment of a military post on the route; and a bill making a further appropriation, and for the completion of the territorial road now in process of construction from opposite Council Bluffs, Iowa, to new Fort Kearney.

Mr. Snead, of the Mileage Committee, reported a bill causing the penalty for the voluntary absence of members of either house; making a deduction of twenty-five dollars a day from their compensation, whether a Sunday shall intervene or both branches have adjourned over a day or more. Exception is made in the case of the sickness of members or their families.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Tariff Bill.

Mr. Keitt spoke on various subjects, at considerable length.

Mr. Bliss replied to Mr. Keitt, and reviewed the President's Message.

The Committee then rose.

On Jan 15th, the House passed thirteen private bills.

Mr. Kelsey, rising to a question of privilege, offered a preamble, setting forth that Joseph L. Chester had been duly summoned before the Corruption Investigating Committee and had neglected to appear, and concluding with a resolution that the Speaker issue his warrant directed to the Sergeant-at-Arms, commanding him to take into custody the body of the said Joseph L. Chester, wherever found, and the same to forthwith bring to the bar of this House, to answer for contempt of its authority.

Mr. Florence objected. Mr. Jones, of Tenn., moved to lay the resolution on the table.

Mr. McMullen moved to adjourn, which was disagreed to.

At the instance of Mr. Orr, the precept addressed by the Speaker of the House to the Sergeant-at-Arms, commanding the latter to summon Mr. Chester, was read. The precept was returned with the endorsement by the Sergeant-at-Arms, that he had served the summons on the 14th inst.

Mr. Orr was permitted to make a statement. The Committee had not acted in this matter without looking fully into the authorities, which they thought fully sustained them in the application they had made. A case occurred in 1817 or 1818, to this effect: A party applied to Lewis Williams, a member of the House, and proposed to pay him a pecuniary consideration, to make a favorable report on a certain bill. Mr. Williams brought the fact to the attention of the House, which ordered the arrest of the party, in the language of the resolution now before the House, which the present Committee copied from the proceedings in that case. The party was brought before the House, and after trial reprimanded by the Speaker, because there were mitigating circumstances. After his discharge from custody, he instituted an action against the Sergeant-at-Arms for false imprisonment. The case was tried in the United States Circuit Court, and decided against the plaintiff, and on an appeal to the Supreme Court, that tribunal decided that the House had the power, and it was properly exercised. The Sergeant-at-Arms was protected, and the complaint dismissed. The witness in the present case was subpœnaed, but failed to appear. If the House had not the power to enforce the attendance of witnesses, the investigation is a mockery. He (Mr. Orr) should not continue a member of the committees if it had not the power to enforce recusants to testify of facts within their knowledge. Without such power the investigation would fall to the ground.

After some debate, the House refused to lay the resolution on the table, and passed it by a nearly unanimous vote.

On Jan. 17th, Mr. Otero introduced a bill granting lands to New Mexico, Kansas, and Missouri, for railroad purposes.

On motion of Mr. Greenwood, a resolution was adopted calling on the President for a complete list of persons charged with the disbursement of the public money, who have failed for more than twelve months to settle their accounts, and the reasons for such neglect.

The House, by a vote of 93 to 81, laid on the table the Senate bill allowing fishing bounties to six vessels which failed to complete their voyages.

The House was then brought to an abrupt adjournment by the sudden illness of Mr. Giddings, while making a speech on a private bill.

On Jan. 19th, on motion of Mr. Taylor, a resolution was adopted, instructing the Committee on Post Offices to inquire and report on the general subject of the transportation of the mails to San Francisco, and whether it is not now expedient to enter into a contract for weekly mails from New York and New Orleans to San Francisco, by way of Tehuantepec, whenever said road shall be completed.

DEATH OF HUGH MILLER, THE GEOLOGIST.—The Asia brings news of the death of Hugh Miller, the celebrated geologist, and one of the most remarkable self-taught men that Scotland has produced since the time of Burns. From the published accounts, it appears that he died by his own hand, having been shot through the heart, though it is not imagined that the act was intentional suicide. He was found lying dead on the floor of his room. He had been sometime in an indifferent state of health, brought on by overstudy in the preparation of a new work on Geology. He suffered considerably from nervous excitement, and, though at all times a man of eccentric manners, an unusual strangeness was remarked by his acquaintances. The evening before his death he was to deliver a lecture on "The Mosaic Creation." He had prepared the lecture, but the state of his health prevented his delivering it, and it was read in his absence by a friend. In the course of the day, Mr. Miller saw his medical adviser, to whom he complained of headache, brought on by the want of refreshing sleep. Following the directions he received, he took a warm bath, and retired to rest. He had for some time been in the habit of keeping a loaded revolver in his bedroom, having, it is said, a strong apprehension of danger from housebreakers, as an attempt had been made to break into his valuable museum.

Mr. Miller was born at Cromarty, in the year 1805, in a humble sphere of life, and worked for fifteen years as a common quarryman, a business which seemed as naturally required for the development of his genius as that of a ploughman was to develope the genius of Burns. He never neglected his opportunities, and when a bank was established in his native town, he was appointed its accountant, a situation which he held five years. He published a letter in 1839 on the celebrated Church difficulty, which was the means of his becoming editor of the Witness, the weekly periodical established to advocate the cause of the Free Church. But the engrossing duties of his post did not prevent him from continuing his scientific studies. His first appearance before the public as an author was in 1835, in a book entitled "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland." He is also the author of several polemical essays; but the work by which he is best known in this country is "The Old Red Sandstone; or, A New Walk in an Old Field," which appeared in 1841. His last work was published but a month or two since; it was a letter to Macaulay, refuting some of his imputations upon Scotland in his last volume of the History of England.

THE OPEN POLAR SEA.—On the 23rd ult., Dr. Isaac J. Hayes, Surgeon of the ship Advance, and one of those who accompanied Dr. Kane on that memorable expedition which shed such glory on the American name, delivered a most interesting lecture before the Maryland Institute at Baltimore. In speaking of the Open Polar Sea, Dr. Hayes remarked:

The northern terminus of Smith's Strait was yet undetermined, and every member of the Expedition felt a personal interest in wishing that it should be known. Morton was dispatched with the dog team and Esquimaux sleds—making his starting point a depot of provisions that had been deposited at the eastern terminus of the Sound, the previous fall. The results of this journey are well known. Morton found a new channel opening from the northwestern angle of the Sound, free from ice, and travelling fifty miles along its margin on the ice, afoot, he looked out upon an iceless sea. This was in July.

Whether this is an open water space throughout the winter—what bearing it may have upon the question of an Open Polar Sea, the existence of which was long ago predicted—I will not attempt to discuss. It will take its place among the facts of physical geography by the decision of wiser heads. I have only one thing to say in relation to it. *The Polar Sea is yet a riddle.* How long shall it be suffered to remain so? Will not some one be found—and he, too, an American citizen—who will penetrate this mystery, and place the question beyond a doubt, treading the shores of this Polyma, and embarking upon its waters, unfurl at the northern axis of our planet the flag that has heralded human progress around the world, and covers with its sacred folds the onward march of science? I think there will. I think the question should claim the attention of our Government. A small screw steamer, fitted out at a trifling expense—a small crew, with brave hearts beating in patriotic bosoms, is all that is demanded. Speaking for one person, I can say that the greatest joy of my life would be to stand where geographers predict an Open Polar Ocean.

LAYING RAILS BY STEAM.—Two engineers on the Virginia Central Railroad have contrived a machine for laying railroad tracks by steam. According to the account published, it does all the work of grading the road, laying the ties, and putting the rails and chairs in position. The machine used is sixty-two feet in length, and it is estimated that it will lay track at the rate of ten feet a minute.

SLIPPERY BUSINESS.—One day recently, there were *five tons* of eels shipped to New York, by a single town in Massachusetts.

SUPPOSED DISCOVERY OF THE TOWER OF BABEL.—A correspondent of the Boston Traveller, writing from Beirut, announces that Mr. Place, the French Consul in Mosul, has discovered the ruins or the tower of Babel.

"Six of eight stories have fallen and crumbled into dust; but the two which remain are so high that *they may be seen for fifty or sixty miles around.* The base of the tower is quadrangular, and each side about six hundred feet long. The tower is made of bricks of the purest clay and of a white color, which is a little shaded with a yellow tint.

"Under a clear sun, and as a whole, this ancient monument of human skill and daring presents a fine blending of colors, which sets the painter's pallet at defiance. Before being baked, the bricks had been covered with characters traced with the accuracy of the hand of a writing master. Near the top of the letters the straight strokes were adorned with flourishes resembling the heads of nails. All was neat, regular and severe; and, indeed, those who saw these specimens of ancient caligraphy affirm that the fathers of the human race wrote a better hand than their children.

"Among the interesting discoveries of Mr. Place were certain inscriptions on fillets of gold, silver and copper, and also upon a metal, now unknown, and which has somewhat of the appearance of ivory. It has been submitted to the experiments of an intelligent metallurgist, and its qualities will soon be ascertained. Some very curious photographs, taken by the expedition, completed their labors, one of which was of the ruins of the palace of the famous Queen Semiramis. This ancient monument, situated on the height of a mountain raised by the hands of men, overlooks the awful solitudes which surround Lake Van—a body of water six or seven times larger than Lake Geneva.

"The remains of the Tower of Babel have long been supposed to be ascertained in a certain ruin, bearing the name of '*Birs Nemroud,*' the Tower of Nimrod. Has Mr. Place discovered the same thing over again, or is this another Babel?"

ALLEGED EXTENSIVE FRAUD.—The most interesting news of the past fortnight from San Francisco is the exposure of the stupendous Limantour frauds. Jose Y. Limantour claimed under an alleged Mexican grant, dated 1843, not only a large part of the county of San Francisco, but half of the city itself. The claim, though regarded by most of the citizens as fraudulent, was confirmed by the late board of land commissioners. Limantour arrived in this city a few months ago with the purpose of prosecuting his pretended claim, or making compromises with persons holding property within the limits of the alleged grant. He had already received over $90,000 from persons buying up his title. On Wednesday, December 10th, the grand jury of the United States were called together by the Circuit Court, and in an hour after the empannelment found an indictment against Limantour for presenting false papers before the land commission. On the next day, Emile Letanneur, his private secretary or amanuensis, was taken before the grand jury of the county, and confessed that he had forged the alleged Mexican grant in 1852, at Limantour's request, and under his direction. The stupendous fraud, which is now looked upon as one of the most atrocious and artful on record, may therefore be regarded as completely foiled. Limantour—yesterday a nabob, to-day without credit and honor—now lies in prison in default of $30,000 bail. The property claimed by L. was valued at $16,000,000.

DR. CUMMING, OF LONDON.—The following incident in the early history of the Rev. Dr. Cumming, as a London preacher, is given by a gentleman familiar with the facts:

Soon after Mr. C. was licensed to preach by the Church of Scotland, he came to London in search of a place to settle—as destitute and insignificant as could well be imagined. He had a letter of introduction to a countryman of his own, a baker, living in a plain way, and of small means. After presenting his credentials, he asked him to do what he could do for him. "We have a small church," said his friend, "but not a 'baubee' to pay a minister; but as you are anxious to be employed, stay a month with us, and I will board you." The young preacher consented, and at the end of the time found himself well liked, but without a salary at present, or in prospect. He was then, no doubt, as he has since proved himself to be, somewhat of a "seer," discovering the "signs of the times." "Give me," said he, "the pew rents, and I will always be satisfied with them." "The pew rents!" exclaimed his new friend, "why, they will not find salt for thy porridge, man!" "I take them," said he. The bargain remains till this day, and the Doctor's stipend is £6,000 ($30,000).—*American Presbyterian.*

THE INFERNAL MACHINE.—The New York Journal of Commerce reaffirms its statement of the invention of a wonderful machine for annihilating armies, ships, &c. It says:—"We are not at liberty to give particulars, but so much as this we will say, viz., that there is such a machine as was alluded to (by a correspondent) in our paper; and further, that we have seen testimonials, bearing signatures of some of the most distinguished military and naval officers of this country and Europe, certifying to its terribly destructive power. We did not publish the statement until we had asked and obtained an interesting view with the writer, and ascertained that there was no humbug about the matter. Of course we do not undertake to say that the very sanguine anticipations of the inventor (a Yankee now in Europe,) and his agents as to the success of the invention, both pecuniarily and otherwise, will be realized; or that they will not be. Time will settle that point."

COMPRESSING ELECTRICITY.—The London Morning Chronicle states that a great experiment, heralding an important scientific discovery, was tried some time since at Vincennes, in the presence of many eminent and practical judges. From the demonstration then and there made, it would appear that the secret of compressing and governing electricity is at length discovered, and according to the Chronicle, the power may now be considered "as the sole motor henceforward to be used." A small mortar was fired by the inventor at the rate of a hundred shots a minute, without flashing, smoke, or noise. The same power can, it is claimed, be adapted to every system of mechanical invention, and is destined to supersede steam, requiring neither machinery nor combustion for its successful operation.

THE AMERICAN HORSES IN ENGLAND.—We learn with regret from Porter's Spirit, that Mr. Ten Broeck's American stable in England has met with misfortunes. "Lecompte" has given way in his forelegs to such a degree, that he will not be able to start in a race the coming season, and it is doubtful if he will ever be fit to appear upon the turf. "Prioress" is suffering from spring halt, and the entire weight of supporting his country's racing fame rests upon "Pryor," who has also been ailing in his feet. At last accounts, "Pryor" was all right, and high hopes are entertained that he will be in fit state to distinguish himself when the bugle brings him to the scene. These mishaps to the American horses were occasioned by being put in training too soon after a long sea voyage, and before they had become acclimated.

THE MEANS TO THE ENDS.—A letter writer from Mexico gives the following precious *morceau* respecting Comonfort:—"It appears a revolution was to take place in September, in Mexico, planned by the priests. The President heard of it, confronted the assembled chiefs of the movement, personally, in a church, and arrested them with the exception of an officer who was to command the *pronunciamento.* Him he took to the palace, and shut himself up with him in a room and told him the punishment fit for him was a tremendous 'licking,' *a la* shoulder, which he promptly administered to him on the spot. So it is reported in private letters from Mexico. If true, there seems to be something like Peter of Russia in Comonfort."

WHAT FRUGALITY MAY DO.—The Lowell (Mass.) Factory operatives have $1,101,722 deposited in the city institutions for savings in that city. The number of depositors is 4,413, which gives an average of nearly $226 to each operative. This shows what frugality and a proper provision for the future may effect. The money usually wasted in idle pleasures by those who have to labor hard for it, would, by proper husbanding, become in a few years sufficient capital to enable the individual to employ his own labor, instead of hiring it to others.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
S. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
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HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
S. W. PEASE & Co., 39 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati.
S. RINGGOLD, Louisville, Ky.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Virginia.
A. GUNTER, No. 98 Third St., Louisville, Ky.

HOOPS.—The omnibus drivers of Covington, Ky., it is said, charge double for ladies wearing hoops. In this city, no such arrangement has yet been made; but the omnibus proprietors are discussing the propriety of making a discrimination in favor of gentlemen who leave the good taste to array themselves in garments procured at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, at Nos. 605 and 607 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WINTER.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

NEWFOUNDLAND TELEGRAPH.—The telegraph line between this city and Newfoundland is completed. It is 1715 miles long, with 85 miles of submarine cable. No difficulty has been experienced in working the instruments through the cable, thus showing it to be perfectly insulated. This line is to connect with the great Atlantic cable, which is to be laid down next summer, and over which orders can easily be sent by our transatlantic cousins to the palatial clothing emporium of Granville Stokes, No. 209 Chestnut Street, Philada.

DO YOU WANT A GOOD HEAD OF HAIR? Do you want your children to have clean heads free from Dandruff, if so get a Bottle of the Alpine Hair Balm, it will cure Baldness, Dandruff, all diseases of the Scalp, make the Hair Soft and Glossy. It will turn Gray Hair to its original color.
For sale by R. & G. A. WRIGHT at wholesale, and at retail by all Druggists.

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut, Philadelphia. oct1-tf

THE MANY CURES OF DYSPEPSIA and kindred diseases performed by the Oxygenated Bitters, after all other remedies have failed, should be sufficient to induce any one suffering from these complaints, to give the medicine a trial.

WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.—We refer the reader to the advertisement of this popular remedy. It is highly recommended by all who have used it, and has effected wonderful results by its magic influence. We know of gentlemen in this country who have become almost bald for years, had their hair entirely restored to its former luxuriance and beauty, by the use of Wood's Hair Restorative.—*Lagrange Bulletin.* jan10 nowtf

A REMARKABLE CURE OF INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.
Greenville, Green Co., Tenn., July 6th, 1856.
Dr. D. Jayne,
Dear Sir:
I hope you will not take it amiss to receive a letter from a friend at a distance, informing you of the effect of one of your Family Medicines—the Alterative. In November last, one of my sons was taken with a violent pain in his hip, and we thought he would not live. His family physician was called in, and pronounced his ailing inflammatory Rheumatism. The doctor attended him for the space of five or six weeks, he still got weaker every day. For six weeks he could not be moved in his bed, but thank God his mother was looking over one of your almanacs, and found a case of one Patterson, whose disease was the same as my son's. She did not advise him what to do, but got one of his brothers to read the case to him, and if he was willing to quit the doctor and try your Alterative, we would procure some for him. He gave his consent, and we bought six bottles of it. As soon as he began taking it the pain got more easy. I think it was eighteen bottles he made use of, and then recoiled on. He is now going about and working, but still is slightly lame. I believe if he had continued with the doctor, and not taken your Alterative, he would have been in his grave at this time, but with the blessing of God, and the help of your medicine, our son is now in the land of the living.
No more at present, I remain your friend and well wisher until death. PETER HARMON, Sr.
The Alterative is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the United States. nov29-4t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. William Bann, Mr. EPHRIAM FREAS, of Marble Hall, to Miss ANNIE E. KING, of Philadelphia.
On the evening of the 4th instant, at the Crozerville M. E. Parsonage, by the Rev. John O'Neill, Mr. ELWOOD B. FRYER, of Rising Sun, Md. to Miss ESTHER A. HOUPT, of the former place.
On the 7th instant, by the Rev. William Barnes, Mr. BARTHOLOMEW PICHETTE, to Miss MARY STEINMETZ, both of this city.
On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. ASA GASKILL, of Camden county, N. J. to Mrs. MARY WILLIAMSON, of Kensington.
On the 8th instant, by the Rev. William Blackwood, D. D., Mr. ADAM BERRESORD, to Miss MARGARET J. CALVIN, both of this city.
On the 8th instant, by the same, Mr. CHARLES M. YOUNG, to Miss MARTHA ROBINSON, both of this city.
On the 6th instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. JOHN R. BROWNHOLTS, to Miss MARY ENGLISH, both of Philadelphia.
On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Levi G. Beck, Mr. JOHN M. GILMER, of Montgomery county, to Miss JANE MCLAUGHLIN, of the same place, formerly of Philadelphia.
On the 1st instant, by the Rev. D. C. Moore, Mr. SAMUEL ROCKAFELLOW, to Miss KATE, daughter of the late Zachariah Howell, Esq. both of Philadelphia.
On the 6th instant, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. JOHN CRAMP, to SUSAN S. daughter of Saml. N. Seeler, both of Kensington.
On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Richard Vaughn, ISRAEL MILLS, to HARRIET W. WILLIAMS, both of this city.
On the 10th ultimo, by the Rev. Williams H. Elliott, Mr. ENOS H. BACON, to Miss HARRIET A. BESSONETT, both of this city.
On the 8th instant, by the Rev. F. T. Cailhopper, Mr. JOSEPH BURY, of Camden, N. J. to Miss AGNES A. CREW, of the same place.
On the 6th instant, by the Rev. J. Litch, Mr. JOSEPH M. HARSTON, to Miss ELIZABETH BERKE, both of Philadelphia.
On the 8th instant, by the Rev. William D. Johnstone, Mr. JAMES PETERS, to Miss ELIZABETH FERGUSON.
On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. PAUL A. SCHERBER, to JULIA E. HASTLEY, both of Philadelphia.
On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Thomas F. Billopp, Mr. THOMAS B. HOPPER, of Cheesepeake City, to ANNA E. READ, of New Castle county, Del.
On the 7th of April, 1856, by John D. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JOHN MCBRIDE, to Miss CATHARINE ROWEN, both of this city.
On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. VALENTINE VANNOLT, to MATILDA E. FLISH, both of this city.
On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Mr. Reilly, Mr. JOSEPH HOOVER, formerly of Baltimore, to Miss ROSANNA C. GAVIN, of Philadelphia.
On the 1st instant, by the Mayor of Wilmington, Del. M. H. GALLUP, of Kent county, Del. to ELIZABETH B. ENGLAND, of Philadelphia.
On the 7th instant, by the Rev. P. Stanton, Mr. WILLIAM M. COOPER, M. D. of West Chester, Pa. to Miss ELLEN H. DOONAN, of this city.
On the 9th ultimo, by the Rev. C. C. Arnold, Mr. ALEXANDER BOYD, to Miss NANCY COOK, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th instant, SARAH E. wife of George S. Willits, aged 36 years.
On the 13th instant, Mr. EDWARD MONAGHAN, aged 51.
On the 14th instant, FRANCIS KELLEY, aged 32 years.
On the 13th instant, CARRIE, daughter of Thomas and MARY Rowland.
On the 14th instant, MARGARET ELEANOR, daughter of John and Arabella Baker, aged 5 years and 6 months.
On the 12th instant, MARGARETTA WEYMER, aged 62.
On the 15th instant, CHRISTIAN HENRY, son of Margaret and the late Jacob Baumgard, aged 23 years.
On the 14th instant, JANE, wife of Patrick Cantwell.
On the 14th instant, ELIZABETH M. WARD, aged 14 years.
On the 13th instant, MISS ANN WALLACE, aged 23 years.
On the 14th instant, DANIEL MCKINLEY, aged 21 years.
On the 17th instant, MAGGIE F. H. daughter of Cyrus and Mary E. O'Daniel, aged 8 years.
On the 12th instant, JACOB J. SOMMER, aged 23 years.
On the 15th instant, Mr. JOHN GRUBB, aged 68 years.
On the 7th instant, Mrs. MARY WORK, aged 41 years.
On the 13th instant, MARY ANN, daughter of Jas. and Margaret Beaty, aged 4 years.
On the 13th instant, SALLIE, daughter of Isachar and Hannah Edwards, aged 4 years and 6 months.
On the 13th instant, Mrs. JANE CURRIN, aged 80 years.
On the 14th instant, ELLEN JANE, daughter of John S. and Mary H. Bevan, aged 17 years.
On the 14th instant, Mrs. LIZZIE M. wife of Mr. George H. Weaver, aged 18 years.
On the 12th instant, MARGARET, daughter of John and Margaret Tobin, aged 6 years.
On the 13th instant, ROBERT, son of Robert and Ellen Kilpatrick, aged 6 years and 7 months.
On the 16th instant, Mrs. ANN DUNFORD, wife of Wm. Vasey, aged 61 years.
On the 9th instant, Mr. CHARLES W. VANHORN, aged 43.
On the 11th instant, THOMAS CLINE, aged 30 years.
On the 12th instant, MISS MARY A. CARTER, aged 19 years.
On the 10th instant, at Camden, Mr. JOSEPH K. GITHENS, aged 52 years.
On the 11th instant, JOHN D. SHAW, aged 48 years.
On the 11th instant, ROBERT CUNNINGHAM, aged 55 years.
At Bristol, Pa. on the 16th instant, JOSEPH WARNER, aged 33 years.
On the 10th instant, Mrs. ANN REBECCA, wife of Geo. Sellers, aged 22d years.
On the 10th instant, ANN MOUNT, aged 15 years.
On the 8th instant, MARY ANN, daughter of David M. and Mary Lux, aged 5 years.
On the 10th instant, EMMA A. daughter of Wm. L. and Amanda Larer, aged 5 years and 6 months.
At Wellsboro', on the 7th instant, GEORGE MCLEOD, aged 63 years.
On the 8th instant, CATHARINE GARLAND, aged 38 years.
On the 8th instant, ROBERT SMITH, aged 42 years.
On the 8th instant, THOMAS MCILREVY, aged 19 years.
On the 10th instant, ELIZABETH, wife of Jacob Hendricks, aged 26 years.
On the 10th instant, SUSAN R TIBBIN, aged 4 years and 4 months.

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BANK NOTE LIST.
CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 29 South Third Street.
PHILADELPHIA, January 19, 1857.

PENNSYLVANIA.		**CANADA.**	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	2 dis
Relief notes	¼ dis	**NORTH CAROLINA.**	
Lancaster bank	25 dis	Solv bks	11 dis
Erie City bk	40 dis	Small notes	25 dis
Erie bk	40 dis	**VIRGINIA.**	
NEW JERSEY.		Solv bks	6 dis
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	Bk of Kanawha	10 dis
Morris bk Br'dgton	15 dis	Corp'n Alexandria	10 dis
West Grinwer's bk		**SOUTH CAROLINA.**	
Newton	15 dis	Solv bks	6 dis
DELAWARE.		**GEORGIA.**	
Solvent bks	par	Solv bks	1 dis
Under 5's	1 dis	New bks	2 to 5 dis
MARYLAND.		**ALABAMA.**	
Valley bk Hagerstown	no sale	Bk of Mobile	1 dis
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	Other solv bks	5 dis
Far & Mec bk Kent co	1 dis	**MISSISSIPPI.**	
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.		All bks	uncertain
Exchange bk	30 dis	**LOUISIANA.**	
Solv bks	1 dis	Solv bks	1 dis
NEW YORK.		**OHIO.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solvent bks	1 dis
8th Avenue bk	¼ dis	Bk of Circleville	35 dis
Knickerbocker bk	¼ dis	Canal bk Cleveland	5 dis
Far bk Onondaga	25 dis	**KENTUCKY.**	
Mer & Mec bk Oswego	50 dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Far bk Buffalo	50 dis	**INDIANA.**	
Empire City bk	¼ dis	State bk	1 dis
Central bk	¼ dis	Free bks	5 to 20 dis
MAINE.		**ILLINOIS.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	State bk	1 dis
Bk of Hallowell	3 dis	Free bks	25 dis
Ellsworth bk	50 dis	**MISSOURI.**	
Maritime bk Bangor	15 dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Canton bk South China	no sale	**TENNESSEE.**	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	Small notes	25 dis
VERMONT.		**MICHIGAN.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	5 dis
South Royalton bk	2 dis	**ARKANSAS.**	
CONNECTICUT.		All bks	no sale
Solv bks	¼ dis	**WISCONSIN.**	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**TEXAS.**	
**RHODE ISLAND

Wit and Humor.

PULPIT GRAVITY.

A minister was preaching to a large congregation in one of the Southern States, on the certainty of a future judgment. In the gallery sat a colored girl, with a white child in her arms, which she was dancing up and down with commendable effort, to make baby observe the proprieties of the place. The preacher was too much interested in his subject to notice the occasional noise of the infant; and at the right point in his discourse, threw himself into an interesting attitude, as though he had suddenly heard the first note of the trump of doom, and looking towards that part of the church where the girl with the baby in her arms was sitting, he asked, in a low, deep voice:

"What is that I hear?"

Before he recovered from the oratorical pause, so as to answer his own question, the colored girl responded, in a mortified tone of voice, but loud enough to catch the ears of the entire congregation:

"I don'no, sa, I spec' it is dis here chile; but indeed, sa, I has been a doin' all I could to keep him from 'sturbin' you."

It is easy to imagine that this unexpected rejoinder took the tragic out of the preacher in the shortest time imaginable; and that the solemnity of that judgment-day sermon was not a little diminished by the event.

Another instance, equally confounding to the minister, happened, we believe, in Richmond, Virginia. A large congregation had assembled to hear a stranger of some notoriety. Soon after he had introduced his subject, the cry of "fire! fire!" in the street very much disturbed the congregation, and many were about to retire, when an elderly lay brother rose and said:

"If the congregation will be composed, I will step out and see if there is any fire near, and report."

The congregation became composed, and the minister proceeded. Taking advantage of the occurrence, he called attention to a *fire* that would consume the world!—a fire that would burn forever in the lake that is bottomless; and had just concluded a sentence of terrible import, and not without manifest impression on his audience, when a voice from the other end of the church, as if in flat denial of all he had said, bawled out:

"*It's a false alarm!*"

The effect was ludicrous in the extreme. The old man had returned; but his inopportune response spoiled the force of the eloquent appeal from the pulpit, and even the preacher could scarce refrain from joining in the universal smile that passed over the congregation.

Rev. Mr. S. was preaching in one of the Methodist Episcopal churches in this city, and there was in attendance a good old Methodist brother, very much given to responses. Sometimes these responses were not exactly appropriate, but they were always well meant. The preacher usually lucid, was rather perplexed, and felt it himself. He labored through his first part, and then said:

"Brethren, I have now reached the conclusion of my first point!"

"Thank God!" piously ejaculated the old man, who sat before him, profoundly interested; but the unexpected response, and the suggestive power of it, so confused the preacher, that it was with difficulty he could rally himself to a continuance of his discourse.—*Methodist Protestant.*

STORY OF A LEG.—There lived in Pittsburg some years ago, an old fellow who had served in the war of 1812, in which he had lost a leg. Before he enlisted, he courted a young lady of this place, and, knowing that she would take a whole man or none, he kept his having lost a leg a secret, and had it replaced by a wooden one. In his absence, the lady had met with another admirer, so that, on the return of Timberleg, he and his rival were on terms of deadly enmity. One Sunday night, Timberleg went to see his love rather early, with the intention of popping the question, and, that he might not shirk, had imbibed not a little to give him courage. The lady not being ready to receive him, he sat down in the parlor to wait her coming. But the liquor proved too strong for him, and he had scarcely sat down, until he fell asleep. His rival coming in at that moment, thought this an opportunity to satisfy his curiosity regarding Timber's right leg, which he had always regarded with suspicion. So, slipping up, he quietly slit the right leg of Timber's pantaloons, as far as the knee, when, at a glance, he saw all. To run for a saw was the work of a moment, and in five minutes, the leg was calmly reposing on the centre-table, its owner slumbering, unconscious of the amputation. Meanwhile, the whilom surgeon had sloped. When the lady entered the room, Timberleg was promenading the room, after the manner of a turkey, during the few moments of life succeeding decapitation. The writer is very sorry, that, being opposed to profanity, he cannot favor the reader with Timberleg's remarks. Suffice it to say, that the lady's remark, on entering the room, was "Good Heavens!" that of Timberleg quite the reverse. Timber got a new leg, but didn't marry that gal.—*Yankee Notions.*

☞ An American gentleman in Leipsic, had occasion to visit one of the large bookstores there. He inquired if there were any of the clerks who spoke English? He was answered in the affirmative, and shown back about a quarter of a mile through the immense establishment, to the desk of the "English clerk:" "Do you speak English?" asked our friend. The answer was clear and to the point: "Yaw—*a few!*" And "*a few*" English was all that he *could* speak, and even that little with most ludicrous imperfectness.—*Knickerbocker.*

☞ Fashionable folks have ceased to marry. Now, according to Jenkins and his imitators, "they form a matrimonial alliance;" upon which Susan Jane writes to Punch to inquire "if such an alliance is to be considered offensive and defensive?" Mr. Punch ventures to reply—"Offensive, when misfortune or difficulty is to be attacked and overcome; defensive, when sorrow or sickness assails; and expensive when certain little parties, whether or not, will join in the compact."—*Punch.*

☞ "I say, old boy!" cried Paul Pry, to an excavator, whom he espied at the bottom of a yawning gulf, "what are you digging there?" "A big hole," the old boy replied. Paul was not to be put off in this fashion. "What are you going to do with the hole?" he asked. "Going to cut it up into small holes," rejoined the old boy, "and retail them to farmers for gate posts."

☞ "One hears an immense deal about 'legal tenders,'" said Lord Brougham, upon one occasion; "but, upon my word, I never heard of anything *legal* yet, that was not very *hard* instead of *tender*."

A TURKISH LADY BATHING.—Her attire is first removed. An attendant takes a glove—every day it is a new glove—of undressed silk. With the disengaged hand she pours over her mistress basin after basin of warm water. Then by means of gentle friction of the glove she slowly removes the salts and impurities which are deposited on the skin. This finished, the attendant covers the lady from head to foot, by means of a mop of downy silk, with a lather made of particularly emollient soap, peculiar, we believe, to Turkey. Upon this soap depends much of the pencil-like softness and snowy whiteness of the skin for which Eastern women always are so remarkable. It has the reputation of removing stains, spots and freckles that are not deeply marked into the cuticle. This part of the matter having been carefully performed, the lady is again deluged in water, heated to 110 to 120 degrees, and poured over her person from a taus (basin) of silver. Large towels—we might call them sheets—of the finest muslin, richly embroidered with flowers and gold, are wrapped around her, she is led into a saloon, where, reclining upon a heap of cushions, she sinks into a soft, dream-like languor, that might become faintness were it not for the assiduity with which a slave fans her.

RUSSIAN SERVILITY.—Among the Russian peasants, these are a few of the proverbs current and common: "A man who has been well beaten is worth two men who haven't been beaten." "Five hundred blows with a stick will make a good grenadier; a thousand a dragoon; and none at all a captain." "'Tis only the lazy ones who don't beat us." Can anything be more horrible than this tacit, shoulder-shrugging, almost smirking acceptation of the stick as an accomplished fact—of the Valley of the Shadow of Stick as a state of life into which it has pleased God to call them! Again: "Heaven is too high: the Czar is too far off." This is simply Dante's "All hope abandon" etc. Russianized. Again: "All belongs to God and the Czar." "Though against thy heart, always be ready to do what thou art ordered to do." "One can be guilty without guilt." The last proverb, with the preceding one, imply an abnegation of the duties and responsibilities of manhood altogether. Its application justifies a serf in robbing and murdering at the command of his master; the serf is guilty, but the onus of guilt is on him who sets him on.—*F. Sala.*

SAYINGS OF MARTIN LUTHER.—Luther, taking up a caterpillar, said, "'Tis an emblem of the devil in its crawling walk, and bears his colors in its changing hue."

"Luther was one day being shaved, and having his hair cut in the presence of Dr. Jonas, when he said to the latter:—Original sin is in us like the beard. We are shaved to-day, and look clean, and have a smooth chin; to-morrow our beard has grown again, nor does it cease growing whilst we remain on earth. In like manner, original sin cannot be extirpated from us; it springs up in us as long as we exist. Nevertheless, we are bound to resist it to the utmost of our strength, and to cut it down unceasingly."

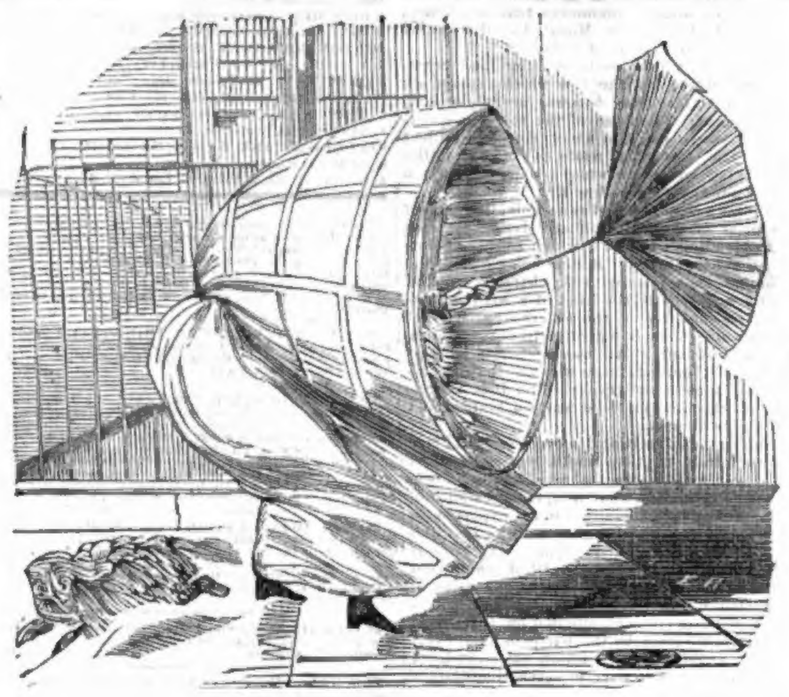
"When I am assailed with heavy tribulations, I rush out among my pigs, rather than remain alone by myself. The human heart is like a millstone in a mill; when you put wheat under it, it turns and grinds and bruises the wheat to flour. If you put no wheat, it still grinds on; but then 'tis itself it grinds and wears away."

NAPOLEON'S DISCONTENT.—"I have come too late," said Napoleon; "men are now too clear-sighted; there is no longer anything grand to be done." "What! sire," said Decres. "To me your destiny seems brilliant enough. What could be more grand than to occupy the first throne in the world after having been nothing but an artillery officer." "Yes," Napoleon answered, "my career is a fine one, I admit. I have made a pretty way for myself, but how different it would have been in antiquity! Look at Alexander after conquering Asia, and declaring himself to be the son of Jove—why, with the exception of Olympias, and Aristotle, and a few pedants of Athens, all the world believed it. But as for me, if I were to announce myself to-day to be the son of the eternal Father, and were to return him public thanks for that title, there is not a fishwoman who would not hiss as I went by. People know too much; there is no longer anything grand to be done."—*Memoirs of Marshal Marmont.*

ENGLISH LETTER BY NAPOLEON.—In the collection of Count Las Casas, at Paris, there is preserved a curious document—an attempt, the first, perhaps the only one, of Napoleon Bonaparte to write in English. The sense of this extraordinary epistle is not quite clear, but the words, as well as they can be deciphered, are as follows:—"Count las Casas—since sixt week I learn the English and I do not any progress. six week do fourty and two day if might have learn fivty word for day, I could know it two thousands and two hundred. it is in the dictionary more of fourty thousand even he could must twenty bout much oftenn for know it ov hundred and twenty week which do more two years, after this you shall agree that to study one tongue is a great labour, who it must do in the young aged. Lorwood (Longwood) this morning the seven March thursday, one thousand eight hundred and sixteen after nativity the year Jesus Christ."—*Staffordshire Sentinel.*

DID BONAPARTE ATTEMPT SUICIDE?—Among the inmates of one Russian family that I saw much of at Paris, was the late Marechal Sebastiani, who, as one of Napoleon's Generals and a fellow-Corsican, a favorite, moreover, with Louis Philippe, was a personage of great interest to us. I mention him here for the sake of introducing an anecdote that bears upon a disputed historical fact. An expedition was formed, with the Marshal at its head, to explore the ancient Palace of Fontainbleau. I was of the party, and a very delightful one it was. In passing through the room that Napoleon used to occupy, a Russian gentleman present asked Sebastiani if it were true that the Emperor, for so he spoke of Napoleon, had attempted to poison himself there? "Too true," was the veteran's reply, and his eyes filled with tears.—*Harrison's Nine Years Residence in Russia.*

THE GREAT NOVELIST A GREAT COOK.—Alexander Dumas does not take more pleasure in writing a romance than he does in preparing a delicate dish. He prides himself on his cookery, and serves up Monte Cristo ragouts and Tour de Neslo fricassees with great skill. He recently commenced a novel, and applied himself so diligently, that it was feared his health would suffer. His doctor persuaded him to stop, his housekeeper beseeched him to rest, but it was of no avail. Stick to it he would, night and day. His son was sent for, and he immediately visited his father, and after some brief conversation, suggested to his "parient" that he should try his hand at a new sauce. The pen dropped, and in a moment Alexander Dumas was at work in the kitchen.



A SKETCH DURING THE RECENT GALE.

Agricultural.

THE CULTURE OF THE OSAGE ORANGE.

Messrs. Editors of the Post:—Some time since I noticed an inquiry in the Post, regarding the culture of the Osage Orange for Hedges. I will give my plan and experience in regard to the culture of the Orange for hedging purposes.—After my plants are taken from the nursery, I bunch them as evenly as possible, take them to a block, and cut off the tops, leaving only two or three buds. I then reverse the branch and cut off the lower end of the roots, leaving the remaining roots four inches long; I then puddle them, by digging a hole in the ground, pouring in one or two buckets of water, and making a very thin mortar, into which I dip the butts. This keeps the roots moist while planting. A week or so before planting, I lay out my land the length I want, and ten feet wide, throwing the furrow *out*. When I get ready to plant, I plough it again, throwing the furrow *in*, and harrowing effectually, (I believe rolling the ground is an advantage, though I sometimes omit it). I am now ready for planting. To stake out my hedge-line, I take a line, the longer the better, with red yarn tied every four, five, or eight inches—I would recommend five inches. I drop a plant at every red strip; take a dipple (made in the shape of a dagger,) and make a prod with my right hand, holding the plant in my left. As I draw the dipple out, I drop in the plant, make another prod, and press together; thus I plant my hedges. I consider it all important to have the first setting stand, as re-planting seldom does any good. The second year I commence clipping—first, before it leafs in the spring, say an inch above where it was cut when set; second, in June, an inch and a-half above first cutting; third, in the fall, two inches above second cutting. The third year I cut in June, four inches higher than third cutting, and trim up the sides. Thus I go on until my hedge is thick enough. In conclusion, I would state that one half of those in the West, who have attempted to make a live fence with the Orange have failed, not through any fault of the plant, but of their own, in not clipping enough. Nothing but thorough tending with plough and hoe (as long as you plough your corn), and severe clipping, can make a fence to turn anything, from a quail to a breachy steer. There are some beautiful hedges in this county, which, by-the-bye, I must say is the very best county in this very best of States. Mark that, ye who move a crop of stones to raise a crop of grain, and spend your income in Guano!

Yours, R. H. DAY.

Mercer county, Ill.

POINTS IN A GOOD HORSE.—In purchasing a good horse, sight, wind, feet and limbs must be the uppermost objects of inquiry; for nine horses out of ten are defective in one of these particulars. First, then, examine his eyes, and do this before he comes out of the stable; see that they are perfectly clear and transparent, and that the pupils or apples of the eye are exactly alike in size and color. Next examine his pipes; if good and sound on being nipped in the gullet, he will utter a sound like that from a bellows; but if his lungs are touched, and he is broken-winded, he will give vent to a dry, husky, short cough; look to his limbs also, and in passing your hand down his legs, if you find any unnatural protuberance, or puffiness, or if feeling first one leg then the other, you discover any difference between them, disease, more or less, is present; he may not be lame, but he is not clean upon his legs. If he is broad and full between the eyes, he may be depended on as a horse of good sense, and capable of being trained to almost anything. If you want a gentle horse, get one with more or less white upon him; many suppose that the parti-colored horses belonging to circuses, shows, &c., are selected for their oddity; but it is on account of their docility and gentleness; in fact, the more kindly you treat horses, the better you will be treated by them in return.—*Spirit of the Times.*

MANURING.—It has been taught by Professors of Agricultural Chemistry, and apparently on reasonable grounds, that the very worst way to apply manure, was to spread it out on the field and leave it exposed. It was argued that this exposure caused a loss of ammonia by evaporation, hence farmers were taught to plough their manures under as soon as they were spread on the soil, under the penalty of losing a great deal of their fertilizing properties. An essay on this subject by Dr. Voelcker, Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Agricultural College, at Cirencester, England, contains statements that will surprise our farmers. He asserts, that if spread upon the field and allowed to lie until it is washed with rains, it is more beneficial than to plough it in at once. When spread out on a field, fermentation is stopped, and volatile matter ceases to escape. In the case of clay soils, he remarks: "I have no hesitation to say, that the manure may be spread even six months before it is ploughed in, without losing any appreciable quantity of manuring matter."

☞ Never waste animal or vegetable refuse. The very soap suds from the laundry are rich manure.

A TALK IN THE POULTRY YARD.

A few days ago our ten-year old Master Lu—the youngest of the little Harrises—asked us to advance him a fip, (having spent all his loose change for Christmas presents,) wherewith to buy a porcelain egg; for he said that on these cold nights the eggs in the nest at the barn were sure to be frozen. The origin of his poultry business was on this wise: having a few dimes, saved up from his mother's commutation money, of a dime a month for abstaining from coffee at his breakfast, Master Lu went into the live stock business, and invested his capital in hens, on which he has more than doubled his money in the first three months. So much for a preface to what we were going to say of

Hens Among the Farmers.—Few people are aware of the value of the poultry crop of the country. We have no official statistics to show what it is worth, but have taken some pains to arrive at a good guess, by a careful observation, comparison and estimation, during the past season. We have actual reports from several shipping points in Ohio, and for the rest will give the result of our own *cackle*-ations, based upon the actual and possible yield of hens, as they are and can be kept under ordinary circumstances by farmers.

Suppose every farmer to keep ten hens—a low estimate—worth ten cents each, at home. If these are a good, well-bred sort of hens, as they should be, they will each lay four dozen of eggs in the year, besides a dozen or fifteen in early spring, from which they should raise ten chickens. (One of Lu's common hens has raised twenty chicks, at two settings, and will still make out her four dozen eggs in the season.) Then we have one man's hen crop, thus:

10 hens, worth at home 10 cents each,	$1 00
10 chicks from each, at 10 cents,	10 00
4 dozens of eggs, each 10 cents,	4 00
Total,	$15 00
Deduct feed and expenses,	5 00
Net profit,	$10 00

Or one dollar from each hen. At the above rates, there is sufficient margin for the cost of marketing, as we pay on an average fifteen cents for chickens and fifteen cents a dozen for eggs, in our city market. Now we pay twenty or twenty-five cents for eggs, and eighteen for chicks.

There are in Ohio, say 165,000 occupied farms. Then there are a great many mechanics and people in towns, villages and cities, who make a fair show of hens, enough to make up at a very low estimate, 200,000 families. Give to each a profit of $10 in hens, and you have the sum of $2,000,000 as the proceeds of the hen crop alone, which is one-third the assessed value of all the sheep in Ohio, and one-half the assessed value of all the hogs,—though the assessed value of hogs is not one-half the real worth of those animals. Do you call this counting chickens before they are hatched? Not at all. We have left too much margin, for the hens upon the farm need not cost $5 a year for keeping; they will almost pick up of their living the year round, of insects, worms, waste grains among the cattle, etc. Now add to the hens all the geese, ducks, turkies, and other domestic birds, and the poultry crop of the country assumes an importance worthy of ranking it in the lists of the properties of the State.

As pertinent to this subject now, we wish to say a few words upon

The Care of Hens in Winter.—Farmers keeping a dozen or twenty fowls, do not generally have a separate establishment for them, but give them the liberty of the barn and yards. This is more for their health than where they are confined to small heneries, and enables them to pick up most their living. If left to themselves, hens will usually choose out a roosting place in the trees, out of the reach of polecats and other terrestrial poachers, subject only to the depredations of owls. This is well enough in warm weather, when the trees are covered with leaves; but when the habit is established, the hens do not often quit their airy perch at the approach of winter, and the consequence is, that they get their combs and toes frosted, and lay no eggs during the cold weather. The better way is to have a perch in a sheltered place, and teach the hens to resort to it early in the fall, if not all the year.

The Feed in Winter should be—besides the grains and seeds which the hens pick up—a frequent lunch of lean boiled meat, cut small, or bits of raw meat, boiled and mashed potatoes; sunflower seeds are also an excellent winter feed; these will tend to keep the hens in laying, except in the very coldest weather. They should have access to water, and a bed of sand and ashes, with bits of lime and burnt bones, at all times. Some people advise to keep hens in a warm collar during winter, to secure plenty of eggs. We tried it faithfully one winter, and came to the conclusion that it did not pay.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

WOLF TEETH IN HORSES.—Wolf teeth are quite common, and many good horses are made blind by them. I had two horses or colts, which had them last season. The cure is simple and easy. Take a piece of iron with a square end, one-fourth of an inch in size. Let one hold the horse and open the lip so as to enable the one with the iron to place it against the tooth, and with a small mallet knock the tooth out. There is no root to the wolf teeth. The best way is to take the horse to a blacksmith shop, and the smith with his punch will knock them out in two minutes.—When you see the horse's eye begins to run and look glassy, look for the wolf teeth. It is a small sharp tooth, just forward of the grinders of the upper jaw.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

FILMS ON THE EYES OF CATTLE.—It is often the case that, owing to injuries, or sometimes to a diseased constitutional system, a film or thickening of the outer coat of the eyes of cattle, horses, sheep, &c., takes place. Many remedies are used, some of which make the matter worse. We are informed by Charles B. Abbott, Esq., of Bangor, that he has always succeeded in removing such obstructions to the sight of the eye by simply pouring on it common molasses. He says he has applied it to oxen, cows, horses, and sheep, and in one instance to the latter when the film had been on the eye certainly two years.—Two applications effectually removed it.

The way to apply it, he says, is to open the eye, and pour in a teaspoonful of molasses. It is somewhat painful to the animal, but effectual. It may be repeated in inveterate cases. This is a cheap and simple remedy, and should be generally known among farmers.—*Maine Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

FOR BURNS.—The inside of a potato scraped and mixed with equal parts of olive oil, and turpentine in sufficient proportion to make a poultice, will form a soothing and healing application.

TO CURE CRAMP.—A cold application to the bottom of the bare feet, such as iron, water, rock, earth, or ice, when it can be had—the colder the better. It will relieve in five minutes. If in the upper part of the body or arms, then apply the remedy to the hands also.

CHILBLAINS.—To cure chilblains, simply bathe the parts affected in the liquor in which potatoes have been boiled, at as high a temperature as can be borne. On the first appearance of the ailment, indicated by inflammation and irritation, this bath affords almost immediate relief. In the more advanced stages, repetition prevents breaking out, followed by a certain cure; and an occasional adoption will operate against a return, even during the severest frost.

CLEANING STOVES.—Stove lustre when mixed with turpentine and applied in the usual manner, is blacker, more glossy and durable than if put on with any other liquid. The turpentine prevents rust—and when put on an old rusty stove, will make it look as well as new.

TO PROTECT DRIED FRUITS.—If fruit is put into good linen or cotton bags, and tied up tightly immediately after drying, and baked a couple of times during the season, by putting the bags on a board in the oven moderately warm, keeping them in a dark closet in the meantime, the worms will not disturb them. Another excellent way to protect them from worms, is to procure empty liquor barrels and pack them in, after drying in the fall, and cover them up tight, or put them in other barrels, and add a little whiskey or brandy as you fill them up.—*Corres. Country Gentleman.*

WATER PROOF COMPOSITION OF LEATHER.—One-half pound tallow, 2 ounces of turpentine, 2 ounces beeswax, 2 ounces olive oil, 4 ounces hog's lard. Melt the materials by a gentle heat. Rub the mixture on the leather a few hours before using. It should be rubbed on new boots or shoes two or three times before using them. By adding a small quantity of lamp black and increasing the quantity of beeswax an excellent *black ball* is obtained.

TO MAKE TURTLE SOUP WITHOUT TURTLE.—Take the head of a kid, lamb or calf, that has been carefully cleaned. If they are young, the skin should be taken off, but the hair removed by scalding in hot ley water. Put one of these into a pot of cold water early in the morning, and start it to boiling. Tie in a clean cloth a teaspoonful of allspice and ten cloves, and drop into the pot. Cut into small pieces one carrot and two medium sized turnips, and drop in. Keep the pot boiling continually, and as the water evaporates, fill up with boiling water. When the head is done so well that the bones part easily from the flesh, take it out into a tray, pick the bones carefully out, and chop the meat fine. Strain the liquid through a colander, and turn the chopped meat back into the liquid; now salt and pepper to taste, and thicken with flour that has been parched to a deep coffee color; stir it frequently, that it does not burn, and just before it is taken off, add one gill of good tomato, or any other catsup, and a half-pint of pure home-made wine, (such as every housekeeper should make.) Now serve up on the table, and if any of your sea shore readers can tell this from the finny turtle, I will give up that I have any knowledge of housekeeping.—*Cor. Cotton Planter and Soil.*

HOOPS VS. CRINOLINE.—The following item is from the London Weekly Journal, or Saturday Post, April 20, 1718:

"One day last week a Gentlewoman unluckily stooping to buckle her Shoe at a Linen Draper's Shop, her Hoop Petticoat, of more than ordinary Circumference, flew up, and an arch little Chimney Sweeper passing by at that instant, immediately conveyed himself underneath the machine, and, with a loud voice, cried out:—'Sweep, Sweep!' the Gentlewoman being affrighted, leaped back, the boy struggling to get out, threw Madam in the Dirt, and with much ado at last the Devil got away, and left the lady in no small confusion."

HABITS.—Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

GRAPHIC.—After all, I might have given a very lucid idea of a Russian peasant's house, by repeating a succinct description given me by a certain young Russian, soon after my arrival in St. Petersburg. "A Moujik's house," he said, "is dark, and made of wood; the floor is gray; the walls are gray, and the roof is gray; you can cut the smell of oily fish and cabbage-soup with a hatchet, and at night you can hear the bugs bark."—*F. Sala.*

☞ There was an artless manner of announcing marriages in the "olden time," which is quite refreshing to revert to occasionally. Witness the following, from the Williamsburg Gazette, of 1776: "On Sunday evening last, Mr. Beverly Dixon to Miss Polly Saunders, *a very agreeable young lady.*"

OPERA GLASSES.—According to the Theatre Journal of Munich, the Emperor Nero was the first to use an opera glass at a theatre. He was in the habit of looking at the performers through a large emerald mounted in gold.

The Riddler.

ORIENTAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 5, 4, 3, 17, 2, 9, 11, 5, 22, was the Teebir, or cry of the Arabs, said to mean, "God is mighty."

My 6, 13, 12, 23, 13, 12, 5, was a vale, the orchards of which, were filled with turtle doves.

My 1, 21, 13, 7, 18, was a beautiful flower, that grew in Cashmere and in Persia.

My 2, 16, 7, 9, was a river which rose in the Helur Tag, or Dark Mountains, and running nearly from East to West, split into two branches, one of which fell into the Caspian Sea, and the other into Aral Nahr, or the Lake of Eagles.

My 17, 11, 2, 9, was a House, before the Caliphs of which, was borne two black standards, called, allegorically, "The Night and the Shadow."

My 9, 15, 20, 12, was a city of Persia, full of mosques, mausoleums and sepulchres of the descendants of Ali.

My 10, 12, 22, 22, 10, was a country named the "Dusky Land;" otherwise—called Azab and Saba.

My 16, 5, 7, 12, was the Coptic girl, for whom Mahomet, in justification of his amour with her, added a new chapter to the Koran.

My 13, 7, 20, 11, 17, was a tree that stood in Paradise, in the Palace of Mahomet, whose name signifies "eternal happiness."

My 9, 8, 18, 14, was a stupendous range of mountains in Oriental Asia, "eternally snow-clad."

My 2, 11, 23, 12, was the name given by the Abyssinians to the Nile, which signified, "Alawy—the Giant."

My 3, 15, 13, 23, was a tree (described in the 53d chapter of the Koran,)—which stands in the Seventh Heaven on the right hand of God.

My whole is a beautiful Oriental legend.

GAHMEW.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 5, 4, 3, 2, 9, 8, 9, was one of the prophets.

My 29, 32, 7, 21, 20, 30, 4, a famous range of mountains in the North of Canaan, much mentioned in the Old Testament.

My 29, 14, 4, 15, 11, 29, 24, 23, was the pottage which Esau exchanged for his birthright.

My 1, 2, 4, 5, was the son of Joktan.

My 30, 12, 3, 6, was one of the prophets.

My 1, 8, 33, 20, 17, 23, were the sockets for the gems of the high priests' breastplate.

My 4, 11, 22, 10, 31, 27, 30, was a famous ancient city, founded by Ashur, the son of Shem.

My 18, 10, 20, 1, 13, 30, 19, 20, was a city of Edom.

My 27, 8, 28, 20, was a famous woman of the Bible who lived during the days of Ehud.

My whole was a proverb of Solomon.

CINROS.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 18, 23, 12, 20, is one of our greatest living statesmen.

My 8, 31, 19, 16, 20, forms part of the firmament.

My 21, 19, 25, 9, 31, 27, 2, will be crowded on the 4th of March next.

My 24, 31, 16, 20, 25, 23, 12, forms part of our national flag.

My 22, 26, 5, 16, 17, 20, 1, 7, was the hero of Tippecanoe.

My 4, 28, 3, 15, 25, 32, 30, 16, 35, 7, 18, 21, our forefathers fought and bled for.

My 13, 14, 7, 18, 2, 10, was a traitor to his country.

My 31, 5, 15, 30, 32, 6, 28, was a battle-field of the Revolution.

My 14, 19, 10, 24, 26, 1, 30, was one of England's greatest Generals.

My 32, 27, 5, 30, 33, 31, did bloody work under the gallant Lawrence.

My whole, the terror of the foe, was our boast and pride in the war of 1812.

T. J. E.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 1, 2, 12, 9, 5, is one of the peaks of the Rocky Mountains.

My 2, 7, 6, 11, is a county in Michigan.

My 3, 7, 8, 7, 10, 11, is a town in Mississippi.

My 4, 10, 12, is a river in Tennessee.

My 5, 11, 10, 2, 5, 13, is a river in Arkansas.

My 6, 11, 7, 5, is a town in Texas.

My 7, 5, 5, 9, 3, 9, 13, is a river in Maine.

My 8, 3, 10, 4, is a river in Africa.

My 9, 6, 8, 11, is a mountain in Europe.

My 10, 11, 1, 7, 9, 8, 6, is a town on Madeline Island.

My 11, 6, 10, 11, 6, 8, 11, is a town in Georgia.

My 12, 11, 8, 5, 11, 5, is a river in Kansas.

My 13, 11, 6, 7, 5, is a town in Ohio.

My whole is the name of a beautiful lake in Michigan.

O. K.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I'm a thing of two parts, and my first
The days of its glory has passed,
Stern progress its rival has nursed,
And its influence vanishes fast.

How oft in the heat of the day,
The lab'rer my presence has blest,
But the old institutions give way,
And now it must yield with the rest.

God help the poor mortal who longs
For the love of my second to cheer;
Oh, assist him to bear with the wrongs
That beset his lone pilgrimage here!

My whole is a fruit of the vine,
By the summer's warm sun it is nursed,
And, as clearly its name doth define,
It is closely allied to my first.

G. J.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a nickname given to a boy.
My second is an expression denoting much joy.
My third in a chain is often seen.
Annex two letters, and my whole will comprise,
A beautiful bird that sings on the green.

Mesokatania, Ohio. C. N. B.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am a word of 5 letters.
My first is in which, but not in that.
My second is in how, but not in cow.
My third is in mice, but not in rats.
My fourth is in meat, but not in drink.
My fifth is in two, but not in one.
My whole is a kind of grain.

Milton, N. Y. CALKINS.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A criminal escaping from justice travelled a certain number of hours before his escape was known, he was then pursued so as to be gained upon ¼ in every mile I travelled. After his pursuers had travelled 9 hours, the met an express, the speed of which was equal to that pursued and pursuers, who stated that they met the criminal just 5½ hours previous. What time had he (the criminal) travelled previously to being pursued?

Mo. QUINTILLION.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a rectangular field the sum of the diagonal and shorter side is 312 perches, and their difference 78 perches. What is the area of the field? CHASE OSGOOD.

Sheffield, Pennsylvania.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the difference between your granny an your granary? Ans.—Why, one is your corn bin, and th other is your born kin.

☞ Why should every community of a pious tur build its Sunday school over an ice-house? Ans.—Wh to keep the *Sundays cool (Sunday-school)*, to be sure!

☞ Why is a cowardly soldier like butter? Ans Because he is sure to run when exposed to fire.

☞ Why is a tavern a contradiction in terms? A Because it is an *Inn*-convenience.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Henry Wadswo Longfellow. BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"A faithful wits will not lie, but a false witness will utter lies. BI GRAPHICAL ENIGMA—"Give me liberty or give death."—*Patrick Henry.* CHARADE—Nute-J CHARADE—Benton. TRANSPOSITION—Post-Of GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM—6.928202. PROBL —16 inches.